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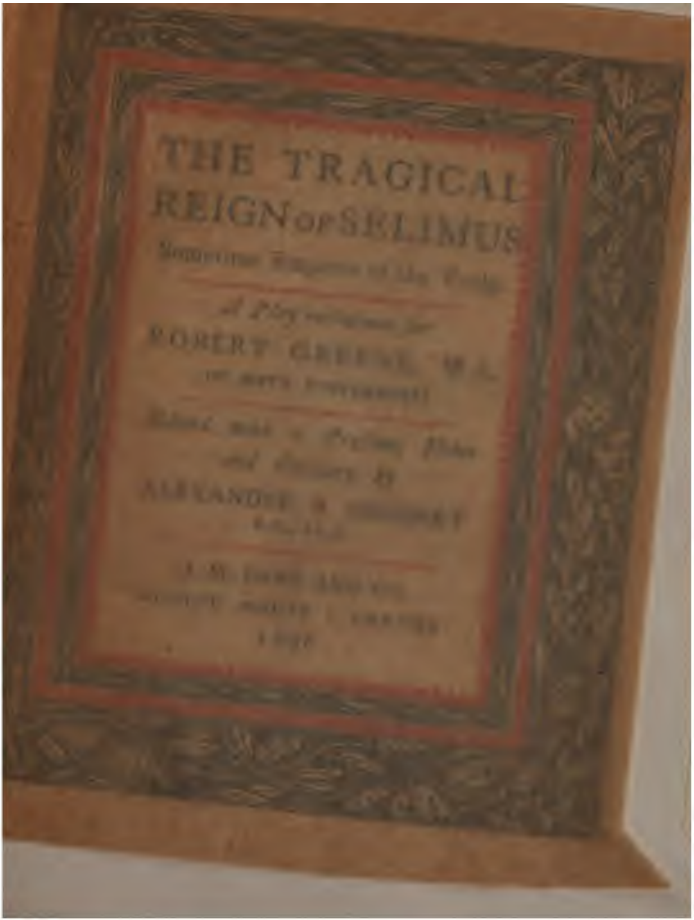
THE TEMPLE DRAMATISTS

Greene's SELIMUS

Norwich Cathedral.


THE TRAGICAL
REIGN of SELIMUS
ROBERT GREENE, M.A.
ALEXANDER B. GROSART

THE TRAGICAL REIGN OF SELIMUS

Sometime Emperor of the Turks

A Play reclaimed for

ROBERT GREENE, M.A.

OF BOTH UNIVERSITIES

Edited with a Preface, Notes and Glossary by

ALEXANDER B. GROSART

D.D., LL.D.

J. M. DENT AND CO.

ALDINE HOUSE : LONDON

1898

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'Cut is the branch that might have grown full straight,
And burnèd is Apollo's laurel bough
That sometime grew within this learnèd man.'

MARLOWE'S *Faustus*.

PREFACE

Editions of the Play. Until *Selimus* was reclaimed by me for Robert Greene and included in his collected Works (in 'Huth Library,' vol. xiv. pp. 189-291), it had never been reprinted. The following is the original title-page :—

THE
First part of the Tra-
gical raigne of Selimus, sometime Empe-
rour of the Turkes, and grandfather to him
that now raigneth.
Wherein is showne how hee most unnaturally
raised warres against his owne father Baiazet, and pre-
uailing therein, in the end caused him to
be poysoned.
Also with the murthering of his two brethren,
Corcut and *Acomat.*
As it was playd by the Queenes Maiesties
Players.
Viressit vulnera veritas.
[Creede's woodcut device.]
LONDON
Printed by Thomas Creede, dwelling in Thames
Streete at the signe of the Kathren wheele,
neare the olde Swanne.
1594.

It is a small quarto of thirty-eight leaves (A-K in fours), first and last pages blank.

The unsold copies of the play were disposed of to certain stationers, who re-issued it with a fresh title-page: 'London: Printed for John Crooke and Richard Serger 1638.'[1] Had the new issuers of the play done no more than this, they should have gone without much blame; but, unfortunately, they put on the abridged title-page 'written [by] T. G.,' with most probably the maleficent design of palming it off as by Thomas Goffe; whose two plays, of very much the same type, had been recently collected by Meighen, his not over-wise friend. The plays of Goffe are, *The Raging Turk, or Bajazet the Second*, and *The Courageous Turke, or Amurath the First*. Langbaine fell into the snare, and filled in T[homas] G[offe] s.n.; and, like a flock of sheep, editors and critics from whom something better might have been expected, have followed suit. Of course, Goffe's was an impossible authorship; as, having only been born in 1591, he was in 1594, when *Selimus* was published, still in the first of the seven famous stages.[2] It has struck me that perhaps Langbaine rather than John Crooke or Richard Serger ought to bear the responsibility of the misappropriation of the initials. More than that, one of many similar blunderings on old as well as on recent title-pages, makes me ask whether, after all, T. G. were not an unlucky misprint for R. G.? If so,

[1] This was first discovered by the Rev. H. O. Coxe, M.A., and recorded by him in the Bodleian Catalogue—appropriated by Mr. W. C. Hazlitt s.n.

[2] The plays of Goffe were posthumous, and Meighen, in verses, gives us this bit of information: 'To the author [of *The Courageous Turke* (1633)], in that translating his book without his knowledge, I was bound by promise to stand to his pleasure to keep or to burn it.' 'Translating' suggests that it was originally a Latin play.

the re-issuers may really have known that R[obert G[reene] was the author, and intended R. G. not T. G.

The original and (*ut supra*) only edition of 1594 bears no name or initials, and there is no entry of it in the Stationers' Register (Arber 1592-94); nor does it come up in either Henslowe's Diary or the Alleyn Papers.

I was the first to reclaim it for Robert Greene. Our text was necessarily the original of 1594, from a fine exemplar lent me by the late Duke of Devonshire (*Kemble Plays*, vol. i. 306). Only other three copies appear to be known—two of them in the Dyce Library, South Kensington, and the third in the Bodleian. By the kindness of the present Duke of Devonshire —though the collection has been removed to Chatsworth—I have been enabled carefully to collate my former reproduction —not without advantage, as must be noted in two places.[1] The quarto of 1594 has too many misprints, but on the whole has the neatness and general accuracy of the books of the original publisher, Thomas Creede.

On Selimus the man, *i.e.* Selim I. Curiously enough, an early English book exists that sheds some light on this extraordinary personality. This rare, if not absolutely unique, book is recorded by Dr. Robert Watt in his *Bibliotheca Britannica* (1824) s.n.; but as the late Mr. J. Payne Collier was the first to describe it from a personal examination, I gladly avail myself of his quotations in his *Bibliographical Account of*

[1] By one of those vexatious accidents to which the best copyists are liable, my copyist turned over the wrong page, and so left out ll. 100-171, and ll. 644-5. Both are important restorations, and I suggest, with sincere apology, their being written-in in the play in vol. xiv. of the Works.

The First Part of the

Early English Literature (1865), ii. pp. 65, 66. The following is the title-page: 'Ottoman,—The offspring of the house of Ottomanno and officers pertaining to the greate Turkes Court. Whereunto is added Bartholomeus Georgieviz Epitome of the Customes, Rytes, Ceremonies and Religion of the Turkes, &c. In the ende also is adjoyned the maner how Mustapha, eldest sonne of Soltan Soliman, twelfth Emperour of the Turkes, was murthered by his father in the yere of our Lorde 1553 all Englished by Hugh Goughe.—Imprinted at London in Flete-streate, neare unto saint Dunestones church by Thomas Marshe. 8vo B.L. 92 leaves.' On this Mr. Collier annotates: 'How long after 1553 (the figures on the title-page referring to the date when Sultan Soliman murdered his son) the work was published, we cannot fix precisely, but it is dedicated by Hugh Goughe to Sir Thomas Gressam (so spelt), and his new edifice of the Royal Exchange is mentioned as one of the great benefits entitling him to the gratitude of his country.' Goughe says that he took 'the translation in hand for the purpose of informing people who were ignorant of the rise and origin of the Turks, although many were acquainted with the rapid and fatal progress they had made as conquerors in Europe since the capture of Constantinople.' He commences with 'a brefe rehersal of the Emperours of Turkeye from Otthomannus to Solymannus,' including SELIMUS in the year 1512, who became the subject of an English tragedy, printed first in 1594, and again in 1638 [a mistake *ut sup.*]. Of him we are told by Goughe—'Selimus, eleventh Emperour of the Turkes, was marvellous cruel. He poisoned his father, and by that meanes obteined the Turkish Empire in the yeare of our Lorde God a thousand five hundred and twelve. Afterwarde, when he had

subdewed the great Sultan, he sacked the most populous citye Alkairum, and raigned but eight yeares, at what tyme he was justly punished for his crueltye.'

Unfortunately, Hugh Goughe is not known to have published any other book, so that we are no nearer the date of 'Ottoman' than was the indefatigable Collier; but we may safely assume that the author of 'SELIMUS' had read and been interested in the work. Of course, all the Encyclopædias give more or less full accounts of the Bajazets and Selimus, under Turkey and their names.

Grounds of claim for Robert Greene as author of *Selimus*. These are stated in full in the Editor's Introduction and Annotations to Hodgetts' translation of Storojenko's *Life of Robert Greene* (vol. i. of Works, pp. lxxi–lxxvii); and I must as summarily as may be borrow from myself, though with rearrangement and additions.

(*a*) **External.** This evidence is found in the simple matter of fact, that two considerable quotations from *Selimus* appeared in a celebrated and really priceless collection of quotations from English literature up to 1600, as by Robert Greene. It is expedient, that though well known, the title-page of this book should be given:—

'Englands Parnassus: or the choysest Flowers of our Moderne Poets, with Poeticall comparisons; Descriptions of Bewties, Personages, Castles, Pallaces, Mountains, Groves, Seas, Springs, Rivers, &c. Whereunto are annexed other various discourses both pleasaunt and profitable. Imprinted at London for N. L., C. B., and T. H., 1600.'

The following are the two quotations from *Selimus*:—

I. No. 4. *Delaie.*

He that will stop the brooke, must then begin
When sommer's heat hath dried vp the spring;
And when his pittering streams are low and thin:
For let the winter aid vnto them bring,
He grows to be of watry flouds the King,
And though you damme him vp with loftie rankes,
Yet will he quickly overflow his bankes.

R. GREENE.

II. No. 11. *Damocles.*

Too true that Tyrant *Dyonisyus*
Did picture out the image of a king,
When *Damocles* was placèd in his throne;
And ore his head a threatning sword did hang,
Fastned vp onely by a horse's haire. R. GREENE.

The former will be found in the play, ll. 503-509; the latter, ll. 853-857.

That the collector of *England's Parnassus* was well acquainted with the writings of Robert Greene is clear by this, that therein he makes no fewer than thirty-nine quotations from them, and the whole—as shall be seen—assigned to Greene have been traced to his acknowledged works and *Selimus*, save four—to be after-noted,—and these, untraced to any other.

Who, then, was the collector? The dedication and address to the reader—in verse—are simply signed R. A.; so that but for the lucky accident of a discovery by Doctor Farmer, we should have been left to choose between Robert Armin and Robert Allot, or any other contemporary R. A. As it is, Doctor Farmer's copy of *England's Parnassus* is in the British Museum,

and he therein distinctly records that he had seen a copy with the initials filled up contemporarily R[obert] A[llot]. Since this note was written and made known, no literary man of any knowledge or authority has failed to recognise Robert Allot as the man to whom we are debtors for *England's Parnassus*. This being so, none of the period could have been better advantaged to know authors and authorities than this fine old English publisher and gentleman. Conceded, that his slips must have got occasionally mixed, seeing that under Greene he gives two familiar passages from Spenser; and there are a few other inadvertences. None the less, the book is of palmary authority. Allot, besides printed books, must have had access to, if not possession of, not a few authors' MSS., for a somewhat large body of quotations still remains unidentified and untraced to their sources. Nor is it impossible that the slight variations, besides orthographic, in the two extracts of *Delaie* and *Damocles*, indicate that he drew them from a MS. It may be as well to note here these variations, viz. *Delaie*, l. 2, 'the' for 'his,' l. 4, 'them' for 'him'; *Damocles*, l. 3, 'on' for 'in.' Be this as it may, the name of Robert Allot is a strong authority for Greene's authorship of *Selimus* having been known by him when he placed 'R. Greene' twice over under the extracts from it.[1]

I would here *en passant* give credit to Mr. Collier for having traced and recorded accurately a considerable portion of the quotations in *England's Parnassus* in his excellent reprint (Blue Series). But he was mistaken in stating that No. 4

[1] Be it also noted that it was from *England's Parnassus* alone, the *Battle of Alcazar*—anonymous, like *Selimus*—was traced to George Peele (1594)—an assignment second only in importance to *Selimus* itself; and so with Guilpin and various others.

[illegible] can only be found in *England's Parnassus*; for it and No. 11 [illegible] *Selimus*, as we have seen.[1]

Externally, then, as the two quotations are found, and found [illegible] *Selimus*, Robert Greene, to whom they are assigned, must be pronounced author of the play containing them. No other claimant has ever been brought forward; for, as we have shown, Thomas Goffe is impossible.

Another little bit of external evidence is, that Thomas Creede, the publisher of *Selimus*, also published, and with the same device on each title-page, Greene's *James IV.* and *Alphonsus, King of Arragon*.

(*b*) **Internal.** One specific passage by itself would have determined my assigning *Selimus* to Greene. Here it is (ll. 2049-53)—

> 'The sweet content that country life affords,
> Passeth the royal pleasures of a King;
> For there our joys are interlaced with fears;
> But here no fear nor care is harbourèd,
> But a sweet calm of a most quiet state.'

Every one who knows his Greene, knows that over and over he returns on anything of his that caught on, sometimes abridging and sometimes expanding, as in this of 'sweet content' in his *Farewell to Folly*; which (*meo judicio*) needs only to be pondered to affirm the *Selimus* words to be from the same mind and pen. The following are the words:—

[1] I may restate here that Nos. 13 and 21, which are also untraced by Mr. Collier, I found respectively in Greene's *James IV.*, iii. 3 (Works, xiii. p. 273), and *Orlando Furioso* (*ibid.* p. 134). I venture to appeal to fellow-students of our elder literature to keep a sharp look-out for Nos. 6, 15, 24, and 26 of *England's Parnassus*, which all have Greene's name. I indulge the pleasures of hope that all four will some day be happed on in some anonymous play or plays, and so rescue more of Greene's works.

'Sweet are the thoughts that savour of content,
The quiet mind is richer than a crowne;
Sweet are the nights in carelesse slumber spent,
The poore estate scornes fortunes angrie frowne;
Such sweet content, such mindes, such sleep, such blis
Beggers injoy, when princes oft do mis.

The homely house that harbors quiet rest,
The cottage that affoords no pride, nor care;
The meane that 'grees with countrie musick best,
The sweet consort of mirth and musicks fare:
Obscurèd life sets downe a type of blis,
A minde content both crowne and kingdome is.

Works, ix. pp. 279, 280.

Neither is imitation, but a characteristically Greeneian repetition.[1]

Now, looking more widely, I would accentuate a fact that carries a contributory weight of internal evidence, viz. that at the close of *Alphonsus, King of Arragon* (Works, vol. xiii. p. 414), Greene prepares us for just such a second play as *Selimus* proved to be. Thus—

'Meanetime, deare Muses, wander you not farre
Forth of the path of high Pernassus hill,
That, when I come to finish vp his life,
You may be readie for to succour me:
Adieu, deare dames; farwell Calliope.'

[1] I add here, that in *Henry VI.*, Part iii., which is generally admitted to have been Greene's and possibly others', revised by Shakespeare, we have in Act iii. Sc. i. this parallel:—

'My crown is in my heart, not on my head,
Nor to be seen; my crown is called Content;
A crown it is that seldom kings enjoy.'

Cf. the whole Scene.

Dyce annotates here: 'This proves that Greene intended to write a second part of *Alphonsus*. Perhaps, indeed, he did write one.' 'Possibly,' observes Mr. Collier (*Hist. of English Dram. Poets*, iii. 171), 'the continuation has perished.' Granted alike the 'perhaps' of Dyce and the 'possibly' of Collier, and that, literally interpreted, the words intimate an intended 'finishing up' of the 'life' of *Alphonsus*; granted, too, that this may have been Greene's intention at the moment; yet I am too well aware of his changeableness and instability of purpose and catching at opportunity and what was most likely to sell, to hesitate in thinking rather, that having met with the story of Selimus (in Goughe's book, or elsewhere), and discovered its scope for bloody scenes whereby to 'split the ears of the groundlings,' and finally discovering that *Alphonsus* did not furnish materials for an effective 'second part,' he selected a story of a cast and character kindred with his former, and so produced *Selimus*.

It is no objection to this that *Alphonsus* was not published until 1599 (so far as we know), whereas *Selimus* had appeared in 1594. Both having been posthumously printed, their issue was very much accidental, and does not determine their chronology of composition.

If he ever wrote a 'second part' of *Selimus*, which itself is named the first part—and a second and still bloodier is promised in the Epilogue—it has disappeared in the general wreck.

Further, it will be observed that not only does *Selimus*, like *Alphonsus*, develop itself on Eastern (Asiatic) and Turkish ground, and by Eastern and Turkish 'characters,' but that the character-names of *Alphonsus* are echoed in *Selimus*. I go

no further than the names, for the characters are quite different save superficially and in subordinate points. Nevertheless, be it marked and digested, that if in *Alphonsus* we have 'Amurack, the Great Turk,' in *Selimus* we have 'Bajazet, Emperour of Turke,' and *Selimus* himself, 'Emperour of the Turkes, youngest son of Bajazet'; in *Alphonsus*, 'Arcastus, King of the Moors,' and 'Claramont, King of Barbary,' and in *Selimus*, 'Acomat, Corcut, sons of Bajazet, Mustaffa, high official of Bajazet'; in *Alphonsus*, 'Crocon, King of Arabia,' and 'Faustus, King of Babylon,' and in *Selimus*, besides Mustaffa, are 'Alladin, Amurath, sons of Acomat'; in *Alphonsus*, 'Fausta, wife of Amurack,' and in *Selimus*, 'Zonara, sister to Mahomet,' and 'Solyma, sister to Selimus, wife of Mustaffa,' and 'Queen Amasia, wife of Acomat'; in *Alphonsus*, 'two priests of Mahomet,' and 'provost, soldiers, janissaries, etc.,' and in *Selimus*, 'janissaries, soldiers, messengers, page.' It will be recognised that the whole of these names and characters in *Selimus* might have gone into *Alphonsus*, and so have figured in the 'Second Part'; and to a large extent conversely.

Still further, the treatment of the subject is similar. The 'plot' unfolds itself in both along the same lines, and the successive characters deliver themselves of the same sentiments; and more than that, in *Selimus*, peculiarly and notably, we find ever and anon those autobiographic touches that were inevitable to Greene. As examples, I ask the critical reader to read deliberatively the daring and superbly mocking speeches of *Selimus*; I would specify ll. 235-444. There are elsewhere similar audacities; and, unless I very much mistake, there we have the very substance of those evil 'opinions' and sentiments

that so stung him with remorse in his final and, to me, measurelessly pathetic and genuine 'repentance.'[1]

More specifically, *Selimus* (like *Alphonsus*) belongs to Greene's first period (assuming it now to be proven his), when he had not yet surceased his love of rhymed lines, or fully acquiesced in Marlowe's splendid blank verse. The opening scene of *Selimus* (ll. 8-163) presents a crucial example of his odd and quaint blending of rhyme and blank verse, couplet and alternate rhyming and old-fashioned stanza-form, albeit there is far more of the latter two in *Selimus* than in *Alphonsus*. Compare with this opening, among various, the interview between 'Carinus the father,' and 'Alphonsus his sonne,' in *Alphonsus* (Works, vol. xiii. pp. 336-338), where rhyme and blank verse are intermittent. So throughout in both. But it demands painstaking study and comparisons (not 'odious') to feel the full force of this internal evidence of the single authorship of *Alphonsus* and *Selimus*.

Yet further, as in *Alphonsus* and *Orlando Furioso* and *Friar Bacon*, there are found in *Selimus* those semi-parodyings of Marlowe so characteristic of Greene. Let the reader pause over ll. 423-444; ll. 1316-1340; ll. 1472-1493.

In another direction, identically as in *Friar Bacon*, and *James IV.*, and the *Looking-Glass*, and elsewhere, Greene's unmistakably 'humorous vein' breaks out in *Selimus*, ll. 1874-1990.

[1] Can any one inform me who the R. W. of the following polemical book was? '*Martine Mar Sixtus*: a second replie against the defensory and apology of Sixtus the Fifth, late Pope of Rome, defending the execrable fact of the Jacobine Frier upon the person of Henry III., late king of France.' London, 1592. R. W. shares with Gabriel Harvey the shame of assailing the dead genius.

Be it also noted, with our restoration of Greene's own directions of the movements and arrangements on the stage (so mutilated and smothered by Dyce in his other plays), it will be seen how in *Selimus* these are exactly such descriptive bits as in the other plays. I note the following: ll. 576-578, 662-663, 868, 956, 1074-5, 1276, 1833, 1873-4, etc. etc.

Finally, here, the critical reader of *Selimus* will discover Greene's words, epithets, turns of phrase, occasional looseness of syntax, false quantities, etc.[1] My space is limited, and I must content myself with a very few examples of Greene's vocabulary in so far as words in *Selimus* occur and recur all through his writings. Our General Glossarial Index (vol. xv. of the Works) will readily guide to the several places. Taking them alphabetically, I have found these in a very hurried search:—'adamant,' 'adamantine,' 'alcoran,' 'armstrong,' 'barbed,' 'barded,' 'careful,' 'cast,' 'character,' 'closely,' 'comets,' 'crocodile,' 'complots,' 'consort,' 'crosbiter,' 'die,' 'disease,' 'unrest,' 'emperie,' 'enterprise,' 'echinus,' 'extent,' 'flesheth,' 'for to,' 'forged,' 'flatterie,' 'front,' 'gentles,' 'gratulate,' 'groan,' 'harbinger,' 'hap,' 'intent,' 'janissaries,' 'lets,' 'like,' 'misconsters,' 'negromancy,' 'nutrimented,' 'only,' 'overgone,' 'overslipt,' 'ought=owed,' 'polypus' *frequenter*, 'valure,' 'vildly,' 'whereas,' 'wreak.' I purposely limit myself to words recorded in our present brief Glossary. It would have been a pleasure to me to quote the passages wherein the whole of the above occur. That is impossible. But as this factor in the evidence is important, I would here notify a dozen of somewhat uncommon words of *Selimus*, together with Greene's employment of them elsewhere.

[1] See Glossary—Proper Names under 'Euripus.'

1. *Armstrong.* In *Selimus*, l. 1668, 'now sit I like the armestrong son of Iove.'
   In *Reports of the Shepheards* (Works, vi. 83), 'as if another Alcides (the *arme-strong* darling of the doubled night) . . . should prophecy . . . the wonders of his prowesse.' See in Glossary.
2. *Closely.* In *Selimus*, l. 2087, '. . . stealing from them *closely*.'
   In *Carde of Fancie* (Works, iv. 159), 'Ladie Castania . . . hath consented not onelie to keepe his counsaile to your confusion, but also *closelie* to convey herself with him into his countrie.'
3. *Enterprise.* In *Selimus*, ll. 606, 617, '. . . *enterprise* thy iourney from the East.'
   'foolish had I been to *enterprise*,
   That which the gout and death would do for me.'
   In *Mamillia* (Works, ii. 144), 'Alexander smiled at the follie of the man which would *enterprise* such a curious worke.'
   In *Carde of Fancie* (Works, iv. 13), 'no mischiefe so monstrous, which he would not *enterprise*.'
   Greene's *Metamorphosis* (Works, ix. 93), 'how dare he *enterprise* to attempt so great an assault.'
4. *Forged.* In *Selimus*, Prologue, l. 1, 'no *forged* Tragedie.'
   In *Mamillia* (Works, ii. 183), 'his fained faith and *forged* flatterie.'
5. *Gentles.* In *Selimus*, Prologue, l. 2, l. 2571—
   'Gentles, we here present vnto your view . . .'
   'If this first part, *Gentles*, do like you well.'

In *Farewell to Follie* (Works, ix. 297), 'amongst all these, *Gentles*, an historie at large . . .'

6. *Gratulate.* In *Selimus*, l. 973, 'and *gratulate* your highness' good success.'

In *James IV.* (Works, xiii. 209), 'to *gratulate* thee I brought those antiques.'

7. *Harbinger.* Line 156-7—

'a hoare frost of silver-coloured hair
The *harbinger* of honourable eld.'

In *Penelope's Web* (Works, v. 226), 'many yeeres as *harbingers* prouide me my long home.'

8. *Misconsters.* In *Selimus*, l. 180, 'Your maiesty *misconsters* Selimus.'

In *Philomela* (Works, xi. 121), '*misconsters* of her whose vertuous life was so famous.'

In Greene's *Vision* (Works, xii. 256), 'Hath ever spoken well of thy wife, whatsoeuer thou hast *misconstred*.'

In *James IV.* (Works, xiii. 252), 'ah, Douglas, thou *misconstrest* his intent.'

9. *Negromancy.* In *Selimus*, l. 1696, 'by devellish *Negromancie*.'

In *Defence of Conny-catching* (Works, xi. 101), 'that same man . . . is passing skilful in *Negromancy*.'

In Greene's *Vision* (Works, xii. 258), 'I having some skill in *Negromancie*.'

10. *Nutrimented.* In *Selimus*, l. 1979, 'a good, well-*nutrimented* lad.'

In *Orlando Furioso* (Works, xiii. 132), 'my well-*nutrimented* knave.'

11. *Ouerslipt.* In *Selimus*, l. 880, '*ouerslipt* the dutie of a sonne.'
In *Euphues his Censure* (Works, vi. 169), 'quickly *ouerslipt* by the eye.'
In *Perymedes* (Works, vii. 28), 'if I *ouerslip* duty or reverence.'
In *Farewell to Follie* (Works, ix. 227), 'gentlemen . . . have *ouerslipt* my follies.'

12. *Ought*=owed. In *Selimus*, l. 658, 'Your Emperour *ought* his safetie vnto you.'
In *Dorastus and Fawnia* (Works, iv. 235), 'willing to shew their friendship they *ought* to Pandosta.'
In *Never too Late* (Works, viii. 106), 'the token of too much love I *ought* thee.'

These must suffice. I accentuate that these are not at all common words, *e.g.* to Shakespeare or 'rare Ben,' and that they should be found almost wholly in Greene's avowed works and in *Selimus*, I for one regard as most noticeable subsidiary evidence. The same must be said of the proper names in *Selimus*. The list is exceptionally short, and yet I mark these out of the list as occurring in Greene's avowed works: Amphiaraus, Anthropophagi, Armenian, Briareus, Damocles, Eriphile, Ixion (*frequenter*), Tamberlane (*frequenter*). There is also throughout *Selimus* Greene's quaint faith in the virtues of plants, stones, gems, etc., laughed at by Nashe.

It must be permitted me, in conclusion, to call attention to a paper of mine in *Englische Studien*, xxii., band 1896, pp. 389-436, entitled, *Was Robert Greene substantially the author of Titus Andronicus?* the question being answered, [illegible]ntured to say, demonstratively in the affirmative. In

this study I show the many correspondences in matter and manner between *Titus Andronicus* and *Selimus*.[1] I add that of both equally it holds, that we have expression given to the strange hunger and thirst, so to say, after 'crowns' of the Elizabethans. They simply panted after exhibitions of kingly majesty. The great Queen seems to have magnetised them in succession to her mighty father. One is constantly reminded of Samuel Daniel's call in *Tethys' Festival*—

'Feed apace, then, greedy eyes, on the wonder you behold.'

I might, indeed, have placed on the title-page of *Selimus* Marlowe's splendid bombast put into Theridamas' mouth (Tamberlane)—

'A god is not so glorious as a king;
I think the pleasure they enjoy in heaven
Cannot compare with kingly joys on earth . . .'

I indulge the pleasures of hope that the assignment of *Selimus* to Robert Greene has been vindicated. Intrinsically, and spite of glaring faults, *pace* Mr. Fleay's purblindness, the play has passages of rare power, of Marlowe-like passion, of beauty, of melody, of distinction, of memorableness, far beyond others that have been over-praised and reproduced elaborately in Dodsley's *Collection*, original and subsequent. I am glad

[1] In the Glossary to *Selimus* I have noted two additional words that occur in *Titus Andronicus*: (1) '*Complots*,' l. 1735, 'cloathe thy *complots* in a fox's skin.' *Cf.* T. A. (v.2), 'Revenge now goes to lay a *complot* to betray thy foes.' (2) '*To-fore*,' l. 1129, 'as Selim did *to fore*.' *Cf.* T. A. iii. 1, 'O that thou wert as thou *to-fore* hast been.'
I may also call attention to the frequent occurrence of 'for to,' as noted in the Glossary, a notoriously abundant form with Greene.

that in the present edition it will at long-last be accessible to students at home, in America, Germany, and Italy.

I cannot close this preface without cordially thanking Principal Ward of the Owens College, Manchester, and Mr. W. Keith-Leask, M.A., of Aberdeen, for their reading of my 'copy.' They have placed me in their debt by their interest and willing helpfulness out of rich stores.

ALEXANDER B. GROSART.

BANK VILLA, BELFAST TERRACE,
NORTH CIRCULAR ROAD, DUBLIN.

*** *Norwich having been Greene's birthplace, our frontispiece of its Cathedral will be acceptable. Doubtless it was a familiar object to him.*

PROLOGUE

No feignèd toy nor forgèd Tragedy,
Gentles, we here present unto your view,
But a most lamentable history
Which this last age acknowledgeth for true.
Here shall you see the wicked son pursue
His wretched father with remorseless spite;
And daunted once, his force again renew,
Poison his father, kill his friends in fight.
You shall behold him character in blood,
The image of an unplacable King,
And like a sea or high resurging flood,
All obstant lets, down with his fury fling.
Which, if with patience of you shall be heard,
We have the greatest part of our reward. [*Exit.*

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ[1]

BAJAZET, Emperor of Turkey
SELIMUS (or Selim), Emperor of the Turks, youngest son of Bajazet
ACOMAT, CORCUT, } Sons of Bajazet
MUSTAFFA, high official of Bajazet
AGA
CHERSEOLI
SINAM BASHAW
CALI BASHAW
HALI BASHAW
PRINCE MAHOMET, son of Bajazet's eldest son, dec
OTTRANTE
OCCHIALI
REGAN
TONOMBEY, a great warrior
Vizier
BELIERBEY, of Natolia
ALLADIN, AMURATH, } Sons of Acomat
BULLITHRUMBLE, a shepherd
ABRAHAM, the Jew
Janissaries, Soldiers, Messengers, Page

ZONARA, sister to Mahomet
SOLYMA, sister to Selimus, wife to Mustaffa
QUEEN AMASIA, wife of Acomat

[1] No *dramatis personæ* in the original; above taken from the play itself.

THE FIRST PART OF THE most tyrannical Tragedy and reign of Selimus, Emperor of the Turks, and grandfather to him that now reigneth

Enter Bajazet, Emperor of Turkey, Mustaffa, Cherseoli and the Janissaries.

Bajazet. Leave me my Lords until I call you forth,
For I am heavy and disconsolate.
[*Exeunt all but Bajazet.*
So Bajazet, now thou remain'st alone,
Unrip the thoughts that harbour in thy breast
And eat thee up: for arbiter here 's none,
That may descry the cause of thy unrest,
Unless these walls thy secret thoughts declare:
And Princes' walls they say, unfaithful are.
Why, that 's the profit of great regiment,
That all of us are subject unto fears,
And this vain show and glorious intent,
Privy suspicion on each scruple rears.
Ay, though on all the world we make extent,

From the South-pole unto the Northern Bear's,
And stretch our reign from East to Western shor
Yet doubt and care are with us evermore.
Look how the earth clad in her Summer's pride,
Embroidereth her mantle gorgeously
With fragrant herbs, and flowers gaily dyed,
Spreading abroad her spangled tapestry;
Yet under all a loathsome snake doth hide.
Such is our life—under crowns cares do lie,
And fear the sceptre still attends upon.
O who can take delight in kingly throne?
Public disorder joined with private carke,
Care of our friends, and of our children dear,
Do toss our lives, as waves a silly bark.
Though we be fearless, 'tis not without fear,
For hidden mischief lurketh in the dark;
And storms may fall, be the day ne'er so clear.
He knows not what it is to be a King,
That thinks a sceptre is a pleasant thing.
Twice fifteen times hath fair Latona's son
Walked about the world with his great light
Since I began,—would I had ne'er begun!—
To sway this sceptre. Many a careful night
When Cynthia in haste to bed did run,
Have I with watching vexed my aged spright!
Since when, what dangers I have over-past,
Would make a heart of adamant aghast.
The Persian Sophi, mighty Ismael

Took the Levant clean away from me;
And Caraguis Bashaw, sent his force to quell,
Was killed himself, the while his men did flee.
Poor Hali Bashaw having once sped well
And gained of him a bloody victory,
Was at the last slain fighting in the field;
Charactering honour in his batt'red shield.
Ramirchan the Tartarian Emperor,
Gathering to him a number numberless,
Of big-boned Tartars, in a hapless hour
Encountered me; and there my chiefest bless
Good Alemshae (ah this remembrance sour!)
Was slain, the more to augment my sad distress.
In losing Alemshae, poor I lost more
Than ever I had gained theretofore.
Well may thy soul rest in her latest grave,
Sweet Alemshae, the comfort of my days;
That thou mightst live, how often did I crave!
How often did I bootless prayers raise
To that high power that life first to thee gave!
Trusty wast thou to me at all assays;
And dearest child, thy father oft hath cried
That thou hadst liv'd, so he himself had died.
The Christian armies, oftentimes defeated
By my victorious father's valiance,
Have all my Captains famously confronted,
And cracked in two our uncontrollèd lance.
My strongest garrisons they have supplanted,

And overwhelmèd me in sad mischance;
And my decrease so long wrought their increase,
Till I was forced conclude a friendly peace.
Now all these are but foreign damages
Taken in war, whose die uncertain is;
But I shall have more home-borne outrages,
Unless my divination aims amiss.
I have three sons all of unequal ages,
And all in diverse studies set their bliss.
Corcut my eldest, a Philosopher;
Acomat pompous, Selim, a warrior;
Corcut in fair Magnesia leads his life
In learning Arts, and Mahound's dreaded laws:
Acomat loves to court it with his wife,
And in a pleasant quiet 'joys to pause;
But Selim follows wars in dismal strife,
And snatcheth at my crown with greedy claws:
But he shall miss of that he aimeth at,
For I reserve it for my Acomat.
For Acomat? Alas it cannot be!
Stern Selimus hath won my people's heart;
The Janissaries love him more than me,
And for his cause will suffer any smart.
They see he is a friend to chivalry,
And sooner will they from my faith depart,
And by strong hand, Bajazet, pull thee down
Than let their Selim hop without the crown.
[illegible] the soldiers over-rule thy State,

And nothing must be done without their will;
If every base and upstart runnagate
Shall cross a prince and overthwart him still;
If Corcut, Selim and Acomat,
With crowns and kingdoms shall their hungers fill;
Poor Bajazet, what then remains to thee
But the bare title of thy dignity?
Ay, and unless thou do dissemble all,
And wink at Selimus' aspiring thought;
The bashaws cruelly shall work thy fall,
And then thy empire is but dearly bought.
Ah! that our sons thus to ambition thrall,
Should set the law of Nature all at nought!
But what must be, cannot choose but be done;
Come, bashaws, enter, Bajazet hath done.

Enters again.

Cherseoli. Dread Emperor! long may you happy live,
Lov'd of your subjects and feared of your foes.
We wonder much what doth your highness grieve
That you will not unto your lords disclose.
Perhaps you fear that we your loyal peers
Would prove disloyal to your Majesty,
And be rebellious in your dying years.
But mighty prince, the heavens can testify
How dearly we esteem your safety.

Must. Perhaps you think Mustaffa will revolt

And leave your Grace, and cleave to Selimus;
But sooner shall th' Almighty's thunderbolt
Strike me down to the cave tenebrious,
The lowest bank, and damnèd spirits holt,
Than true Mustaffa prove so treacherous:
Your Majesty then needs not much to fear,
Since you are lord of subjects, prince and peer.
First shall the sun rise from the occident,
And leave his steeds benighted in the East;
First shall the sea become the continent;
Ere we forsake our sovereign's behest.
We fought not for you 'gainst the Persian's tent,
Breaking our lances on his sturdy crest;
We fought not for you 'gainst the Christian host;
To become traitors after all our cost.

Baja. Hear me, Mustaffa and Cherseoli.
I am a father of a headstrong brood;
Which, if I look not closely to myself,
Will seek to ruinate their father's State;
Even as the vipers in great Nero's fen
Ate up the belly that first nourish'd them.
You see the harvest of my life is past,
And agèd winter hath besprent my head
With a hoarfrost of silver-coloured hairs,
The harbingers of honourable eld:
These branch-like veins which once did gird my arms
To toss the spear in battleous array,

Now witherèd up, have lost their former strength;
My sons whom now ambition 'gins to prick
May take occasion of my weaken'd age,
And rise in rebel arms against my State
But stay, here comes a messenger to us.

Sound within. Enter a Messenger.

Messenger. Health and good hap to Bajazet,
The great commander of all Asia!
Selim, the soldan of great Trebizond
Sends me unto your Grace, to signify
His alliance with the King of Tartary.
Baja. Said I not, lords, as much to you before,
That mine own sons would seek my overthrow?
And see, here comes a luckless messenger,
To prove that true, which my mind did foretell.
Does Selim make so small account of us,
That he dare marry without our consent,
And to that devil, too, of Tartary?
And could he then unkind, so soon forget
The injuries that Ramir did to me,
Thus to consort himself with him 'gainst me?
Cher. Your Majesty misconstrues Selimus;
It cannot be, that he in whose high thoughts
A map of many valours is enshrin'd,
Should seek his father's ruin and decay.
Selimus is a Prince of forward hope,

Whose only name affrights your enemies;
It cannot be he should prove false to you.
Baja. Can it not be? Oh yes, Cherseoli;
For Selimus' hands do itch to have the crown;
And he will have it, or else pull me down.
Is he a Prince? ah no, he is a sea,
Into which run nought but ambitious reaches,
Seditious complots, murder, fraud and hate.
Could he not let his father know his mind,
But match himself where I least thought on it?
Must. Perhaps, my Lord, Selimus loved the dame,
And fear'd to certify you of his love,
Because her father was your enemy.
Baja. In love, Mustaffa? Selimus in love?
If he be, lording, 'tis not lady's love
But love of rule, and kingly sovereignty;
For wherefore should he fear t' ask my consent?
Trusty Mustaffa, if he had fear'd me,
He never would have loved mine enemy.
But this his marriage with the Tartar's daughter,
Is but the prologue to his cruelty,
And quickly shall we have the Tragedy;
Which, though he act with meditated bravery,
The world will never give him plaudite.
What, yet more news?

Sound within. Enters another Messenger.

Mess. Dread Emperor, Selimus is at hand;

Two hundred thousand strong Tartarians
Armed at all points does he lead with him,
Besides his followers from Trebizond.

Baja. I thought so much of wicked Selimus:
Oh forlorn hopes and hapless Bajazet!
Is duty then exilèd from his breast,
Which Nature hath inscribed with golden pen,
Deep in the hearts of honourable men?
Ah Selim, Selim, wert thou not my son,
But some strange unacquainted foreigner,
Whom I should honour as I honoured thee;
Yet would it grieve me even unto the death,
If he should deal as thou hast dealt with me.
And thou my son to whom I freely gave
The mighty Empire of great Trebizond,
Art too unnatural to requite me thus.
Good Alemshae, hadst thou lived till this day,
Thou wouldst have blushed at thy brother's mind.
Come sweet Mustaffa, come Cherseoli,
And with some good advice recomfort me.

[*Exeunt all.*

Enter Selimus, Sinam Bashaw, Ottrante, Occhiali, and the Soldiers.

Seli. Now Selimus, consider who thou art;
Long hast thou marchèd in disguis'd attire,
But now unmask thyself, and play thy part,
And manifest the heat of thy desire;

Nourish the coals of thine ambitious fire;
And think that then thy Empire is most sure,
When men for fear thy tyranny endure,
Think, that to thee there is no worse reproach,
Than filial duty in so high a place.
Thou oughtst to set barrels of blood abroach,
And seek with sword whole kingdoms to displace;
Let Mahound's laws be locked up in their case,
And meaner men and of a baser spirit,
In virtuous actions seek for glorious merit.
I count it sacrilege, for to be holy,
Or reverence this thread-bare name of good;
Leave to old men and babes that kind of folly,
Count it of equal value with the mud:
Make thou a passage for thy gushing flood,
By slaughter, treason, or what else thou can,
And scorn religion; it disgraces man.
My father Bajazet is weak and old,
And hath not much above two years to live;
The Turkish crown of pearl and Ophir gold,
He means to his dear Acomat to give;
But ere his ship can to her haven drive,
I'll send abroad my tempests in such sort,
That she shall sink before she get the port.
Alas, alas, his highness' aged head
Is not sufficient to support a crown;
Then Selimus, take thou it in his stead;
And if at this thy boldness he dare frown,

Or but resist thy will, then pull him down;
For since he hath so short a time t' enjoy it,
I 'll make it shorter, or I will destroy it.
Nor pass I what our holy votaries
Shall here object against my forward mind;
I reck not of their foolish ceremonies,
But mean to take my fortune as I find:
Wisdom commands to follow tide and wind,
And catch the front of swift Occasion
Before she be too quickly overgone.
Some man will say I am too impious,
Thus to lay siege against my father's life,
And that I ought to follow virtuous
And godly sons; that virtue is a glass
Wherein I may my errant life behold,
And frame myself by it in ancient mould.
Good sir, your wisdom's overflowing wit,
Digs deep with learning's wonder-working spade;
Perhaps you think that now forsooth you sit
With some grave wizard in a prattling shade.
Avaunt such glasses! let them view in me,
The perfect picture of right tyranny.
I like a lion's look—not worth a leek,
When every dog deprives him of his prey.
These honest terms are far enough to seek,
When angry Fortune menaceth decay;
My resolution treads a nearer way.
Give me the heart conspiring with the hand,

In such a cause my father to withstand.
Is he my father? why, I am his son;
I owe no more to him than he to me.
If he proceed as he hath now begun,
And pass from me the Turkish seignory
To Acomat; then Selimus is free:
And if he injure me that am his son,
Faith, all the love 'twixt him and me is done.
But for I see the Schoolmen are prepar'd,
To plant 'gainst me their bookish ordinance,
I mean to stand on a sententious guard;
And without any far-fetch'd circumstance,
Quickly unfold mine own opinion,
To arm my heart with irreligion.
When first this circled round, this building fair,
Some God took out of the confusèd mass
(What God I do not know, nor greatly care),
Then every man of his own dition was,
And every one his life in peace did pass;
War was not then, and riches were not known,
And no man said, this, or this, is mine own;
The ploughman with a furrow did not mark
How far his great possessions did reach;
The earth knew not the share, nor sea the bark;
The soldiers entered not the batter'd breach,
Nor trumpets the tantara loud did teach;
[illegible] needed then no judge, nor yet no law,
[illegible]y King of whom to stand in awe:

But after Ninus, warlike Belus' son,
The earth with unknown armour did array,
Then first the sacred name of King begun,
And things that were as common as the day,
Did then to set possessors first obey.
Then they established laws and holy rites,
To maintain peace, and govern bloody fights.
Then some sage man, above the vulgar wise,
Knowing that laws could not in quiet dwell
Unless they were observed, did first devise
The names of Gods, religion, heaven, and hell,
And 'gan of pains, and feign'd rewards, to tell:
Pains for those men which did neglect the law,
Rewards, for those that lived in quiet awe.
Whereas indeed, they were mere fictions,
And if they were not, Selim thinks they were;
And these religious observations,
Only bug-bears to keep the world in fear,
And make men quietly a yoke to bear.
So that religion, of itself a bauble,
Was only found to make us peaceable.
Hence in especial comes the foolish names
Of father, mother, brother, and such like;
For who so well his cogitation frames,
Shall find they serve but only for to strike
Into our minds a certain kind of love.
For these names too are but a policy,
To keep the quiet of society.

Indeed, I must confess they are not bad,
Because they keep the baser sort in fear;
But we, whose mind in heavenly thoughts is clad,
Whose body doth a glorious spirit bear,
That hath no bounds, but flieth everywhere;
Why should we seek to make that soul a slave,
To which dame Nature so large freedom gave?
Amongst us men, there is some difference
Of actions, term'd by us good or ill:
As he that doth his father recompense,
Differs from him that doth his father kill.
And yet I think, think others what they will,
That parricides, when death hath given them rest,
Shall have as good a part as [have] the best:
And that's just nothing: for, as I suppose,
In Death's void kingdom reigns eternal Night;
Secure of evil, and secure of foes,
Where nothing doth the wicked man affright,
No more than him that dies in doing right.
Then since in death nothing shall to us fall,
Here while I live, I 'll have a snatch at all,
And that can never, never be attain'd,
Unless old Bajazet do die the death.
For long enough the gray-beard now hath reign'd,
And liv'd at ease, while others liv'd uneath;
And now it 's time he should resign his breath;
'Twere good for him if he were pressèd out,

'Twould bring him rest, and rid him of his gout.
Resolv'd to do it, cast to compass it
Without delay, or long procrastination;
It argueth an unmanurèd wit,
When all is ready for so strong invasion,
To draw out time; an unlook'd for mutation
May soon prevent us if we do delay;
Quick speed is good, where wisdom leads the way.
Occhiali?

Occhi. My lord.

Sel. Lo fly, boy, to my father Bajazet,
And tell him Selim, his obedient son,
Desires to speak with him and kiss his hands;
Tell him I long to see his gracious face,
And that I come with all my chivalry,
To chase the Christians from his Seignory:
In any wise say I must speak with him.
[*Exit Occhiali.*
Now Sinam, if I speed.

Sinam. What then, my lord?

Sel. What then? why Sinam, thou are nothing worth;
I will endeavour to persuade him, man,
To give the Empire over unto me;
Perhaps I shall attain it at his hands.
If I can not, this right hand is resolv'd
To end the period with a fatal stab.

Sin. My gracious lord, give Sinam leave to speak;
If you resolve to work your father's death,

You venture life; think you the Janissaries
Will suffer you to kill him in their sight,
And let you pass free without punishment?
Sel. If I resolve? as sure as heaven is heaven,
I mean to see him dead, or myself king;
As for the bashaws, they are all my friends,
And I am sure would pawn their dearest blood,
That Selim might be Emperor of Turks.
Sin. Yet Acomat and Corcut both survive
To be revengèd for their father's death.
Sel. Sinam, if they, or twenty such as they,
Had twenty several armies in the field;
If Selimus were once your Emperor
I'd dart abroad the thunderbolts of war,
And mow their heartless squadrons to the ground.
Sin. Oh! yet, my Lord, after your highness' death
There is a hell and a revenging God.
Sel. Tush Sinam! these are school conditions,
To fear the devil or his cursèd dam:
Think'st thou I care for apparitions,
Of Sisiphus and of his backward stone,
And poor Ixion's lamentable moan?
No no, I think the cave of damnèd ghosts,
Is but a tale to terrify young babes;
Like devils' faces scor'd on painted posts,
Or feignèd circles in our astrolabes.
Why, there's no difference when we are dead;
And death once come then all alike are sped.

Or, if there were, as I can scarce believe,
A heaven of joy, and hell of endless pain;
Yet by my soul it never should me grieve,
So I might on the Turkish empire reign,
To enter hell, and leave fair heaven's gain.
An Empire, Sinam, is so sweet a thing,
As I could be a devil to be a King.
But go we, lords, and solace in our camp,
Till the return of young Occhiali;
And if his answer be to thy desire,
Selim, thy mind in kingly thoughts attire.

[*Exeunt all.*

Enter Bajazet, Mustaffa, Cherseoli, Occhiali, and the Janissaries.

Baja. Even as the great Egyptian crocodile
Wanting his prey, with artificial tears,
And feignèd plaints, his subtle tongue doth file,
T' entrap the silly wandering traveller,
And move him to advance his footing near;
That when he is in danger of his claws,
He may devour him with his famished jaws:
So playeth crafty Selimus with me.
His haughty thoughts still wait on diadems,
And not a step but treads to majesty.
The phœnix gazeth on the sun's bright beams,
The echinæis swims against the streams.
Nought but the Turkish sceptre can him please,

And there I know lieth his chief disease.
He sends his messenger to crave access,
And says he longs to kiss my agèd hands;
But howsoever he in shew profess,
His meaning with his words but weakly stands.
And sooner will the Syrtis' boiling sands,
Become a quiet road for fleeting ships,
Than Selimus' heart agree with Selim's lips.
Too well I know the crocodile's feignèd tears,
Are but [the] nets wherein to catch his prey;
Which, who so mov'd with foolish pity hears,
Will be the author of his own decay.
Then hie thee, Bajazet, from hence away.
A fawning monster is false Selimus,
Whose fairest words are most pernicious.
Young man, would Selim come and speak with us?
What is his message to us, canst thou tell?

Occhi. He craves, my lord, another seignory,
Nearer to you and to the Christians,
That he may make them know, that Selimus
Is born to be a scourge unto them all.

Baja. He's born to be a scourge to me and mine.
He never would have come with such a host,
Unless he meant my State to undermine.
What though in word he bravely seems to boast
The foraging of all the Christian coast?
Yet we have cause to fear when burning brands,
Are vainly given into a madman's hands.

Well! I must seem to wink at his desire,
Although I see it plainer than the light,
My lenity adds fuel to his fire;
Which now begins to break in flashing bright.
Then, Bajazet, chastise his stubborn spright,
Lest these small sparkles grow to such a flame
As shall consume thee, and thy house's name.
Alas, I spare when all my store is gone,
And thrust my sickle where the corn is reap'd!
In vain I send for the physician,
When on the patient in his grave dust's heap'd.
In vain,—now all his veins in venom steep'd
Break out in blisters that will poison us,—
We seek to give him an antidotus.
He that will stop the brook, must then begin
When Summer's heat hath drièd up his spring,
And when his pittering streams are low and thin;
For let the Winter aid unto him bring,
He grows to be of watery floods the king.
And though you dam him up with lofty ranks,
Yet will he quickly overflow his banks.
Messenger, go and tell young Selimus,
We give to him all great Samandria,
Bordering on Belgrade of Hungaria;
Where he may plague those Christian runnagates,
And salve the wounds that they have given our States.
Cherseoli, go and provide a gift,

A royal present for my Selimus;
And tell him, messenger, another time
He shall have talk enough with Bajazet.
[*Exeunt Cherseoli and Occhiali.*
And now, what counsel gives Mustaffa to us?
I fear this hasty reckoning will undo us.
Must. Make haste, my lord, from Adrianople's walls,
And let us fly to fair Byzantium:
Lest if your son before you take the town,
He may with little labour win the crown.
Baja. Then do so, good Mustaffa; call our guard,
And gather all our warlike janissaries;
Our chiefest aid is swift celerity;
Then let our wingèd coursers tread the wind,
And leave rebellious Selimus behind.
[*Exeunt all.*

Enter Selimus, Sinam, Occhiali, Ottrante, and their soldiers.

Sel. And is his answer so, Occhiali?
Is Selim such a corsive to his heart,
That he cannot endure the sight of him?
Forsooth, he gives thee all Samandria,
From whence our mighty Emperor Mahomet,
Was driven to his country back with shame.
No doubt thy father loves thee, Selimus,
To make thee regent of so great a land;
Which is not yet his own, or if it were,

What dangers wait on him that should it steer!
Here the Polonian, he comes hurtling in
Under the conduct of some foreign prince,
To fight in honour of his crucifix!
Here the Hungarian, with his bloody cross,
Deals blows about to win Belgrade again.
And after all, forsooth Bassilius
The mighty Emperor of Russia,
Sends in his troops of slave-born Muscovites;
And he will share with us, or else take all.
In giving such a land so full of strife,
His meaning is to rid me of my life.
Now by the dreaded name of Termagant,
And by the blackest brook in loathsome hell,
Since he is so unnatural to me,
I will prove as unnatural as he.
Thinks he to stop my mouth with gold or pearl?
Or rusty jades fet from Barbaria?
No let his minion, his philosopher
Corcut, and Acomat, be enrich'd with them;
I will not take my rest, till this right hand
Hath pull'd the crown from off his coward's head,
And on the ground his bastard's gore-blood shed;
Nor shall his flight to old Byzantium
Dismay my thoughts, which never learn'd to stoop.
March, Sinam march, in order after him:
Were his light steeds as swift as Pegasus,
And trod the airy pavement with their heels,

Yet Selimus would overtake them soon.
And though the heavens do ne'er so crossly frown,
In spite of heaven, shall Selim wear the crown.
[*Exeunt.*

Alarum within. Enter Bajazet, Mustaffa, Cherseoli, and the Janissaries, at one door, Selimus, Sinam, Ottrante, Occhiali, and their soldiers at another.

Baja. Is this thy duty, son, unto thy father
So impiously to level at his life?
Can thy soul wallowing in ambitious mire
Seek for to reave that breast with bloody knife,
From whence thou hadst thy being, Selimus?
Was this the end for which thou join'dst thy self
With that mischiveous traitor Ramirchan?
Was this thy drift to speak with Bajazet?
Well hopèd I (but hope I see is vain)
Thou would'st have been a comfort to mine age,
A scourge and terror to mine enemies;
That this thy coming with so great an host
Was for no other purpose and intent,
Than for to chastise those base Christians
Which spoil my subjects' wealth with fire and sword:
Well hopèd I the rule of Trebizond
Would have increas'd the valour of thy mind,
To turn thy strength upon the Persians;
But thou, like to a crafty polipus,

Dost turn thy hungry jaws upon thy self;
For what am I, Selimus, but thy self?
When courage first crept in thy manly breast
And thou began'st to rule the martial sword,
How oft said thou the sun should change his course,
Water should turn to earth, and earth to heaven;
Ere thou wouldst prove disloyal to thy father.
O Titan! turn thy breathless coursers back,
And enterprise thy journey from the East.
Blush, Selim, that the world should say of thee
That by my death thou gain'st the empery.

Sel. Now let my cause be pleaded, Bajazet,
For father I disdain to call thee now;
I took not arms to seize upon thy crown,
For that if once thou hadst been laid in grave,
Should sit upon the head of Selimus
In spite of Corcut and [of] Acomat.
I took not arms to take away thy life;
The remnant of thy days is but a span;
And foolish had I been to enterprise
That which the gout and death would do for me.
I took not arms to shed my brothers' blood,
Because they stop my passage to the crown;
For whilst thou liv'st Selimus is content
That they should live; but when thou once art dead,
Which of them both, dares Selimus withstand?
I soon should hew their bodies in piecemeal,
As easy as a man would kill a gnat.

But I took arms, unkind, to honour thee,
And win again the fame that thou hast lost.
And thou thought'st scorn Selim should speak with thee;
But had it been your darling Acomat,
You would have met him half the way yourself.
I am a prince and, though your younger son,
Yet are my merits better than both theirs;
But you do seek to disinherit me,
And mean t' invest Acomat with your crown.
So, he shall have a prince's due reward,
That cannot show a scar receiv'd in field.
We that have fought with mighty Prester John,
And stripp'd th' Egyptian soldan of his camp,
Venturing life and living, to honour thee;
For that same cause shall now dishonour'd be.
Art thou a father? Nay, false Bajazet,
Disclaim the title which thou dost not merit.
A father would not thus flee from his son,
As thou dost fly from loyal Selimus;
A father would not injure thus his son
As thou dost injure loyal Selimus.
Then Bajazet prepare thee to the fight;
Selimus, once thy son, but now thy foe,
Will make his fortunes by the sword (and shield);
And since thou fear'st as long as I do live,
I 'll also fear, as long as thou dost live.

[*Exit Selim and his company.*

Baja. My heart is overwhelm'd with fear and grief;
What dismal comet blazèd at my birth,
Whose influence makes my strong unbridled son
Instead of love to render hate to me?
Ah Bashaws, if that ever heretofore
Your emperor owed his safety unto you,
Defend me now 'gainst my unnatural son:
Non timeo mortem: mortis mihi displicet author.
[*Exit Bajazet and his company.*

Alarum. Mustaffa beats Selimus in, Ottrante and Cherseoli enter at divers doors.

Cher. Yield thee, Tartarian, or thou shalt die;
Upon my sword's sharp point standeth pale Death
Ready to rive in two thy caitiff breast.
Ott. Art thou that knight that, like a lion fierce,
Tiring his stomach on a flock of lambs,
Hast broke our ranks and put them clean to flight?
Cher. Ay, and unless thou look unto thyself,
This sword here, drunk in the Tartarian blood,
Shall make thy carcase as the outcast dung.
Ott. Nay, I have match'd a braver knight than you,
Strong Alemshae, thy master's eldest son;
Leaving his body naked on the plains:
And Turk, the self same end for thee remains.
[*They fight. He killeth Cherseoli and flieth.*

Alarum. Enter Selimus.

Sel. Shall Selim's hope be buried in the dust?
And Bajazet triumph over his fall?
Then, Oh thou blindful mistress of mishap,
Chief patroness of Ramus' golden gates;
I will advance my strong revenging hand,
And pluck thee from thy ever-turning wheel.
Mars, or Minerva, Mahound, Termagaunt,
Or whosoe'er you are that fight 'gainst me,
Come and but show yourself before my face,
And I will rend you all like trembling reeds.
Well, Bajazet, though Fortune smile on thee,
And deck thy camp with glorious victory;
Though Selimus now conquerèd by thee
Is fain to put his safety in swift flight;
Yet so he flies that, like an angry ram,
He'll turn more fiercely than before he came.
[*Exit Selimus.*

Enter Bajazet, Mustaffa, the soldier with the body of Cherseoli, and Ottrante prisoner.

Baja. Thus have we gain'd a bloody victory,
And though we are the masters of the field,
Yet have we lost more than our enemies:
Ah luckless fault of my Cherseoli!
As dear, and dearer wert thou unto me,
Than any of my sons, than mine own self.

When I was glad, thy heart was full of joy;
And bravely hast thou died for Bajazet.
And though thy bloodless body here do lie,
Yet thy sweet soul, in heaven for ever blest,
Among the stars enjoys eternal rest.
What art thou, warlike man of Tartary,
Whose hap it is to be our prisoner?
Ott. I am a prince, Ottrante is my name;
Chief captain of the Tartar's mighty host.
Baja. Ottrante? Was 't not thou that slew my son?
Ott. Ay, and if Fortune had but favour'd me,
Had sent the sire to keep him company.
Baja. Off with his head and spoil him of his arms;
And leave his body for the airy birds.
[*Exit one with Ottrante.*
The unrevengèd ghost of Alemshae,
Shall now no more wander on Stygian banks,
But rest in quiet in th' Elysian fields.
Mustaffa, and you worthy men-at-arms,
That left not Bajazet in greatest need,
When we arrive in Constantine's great tower,
You shall be honour'd of your emperor.
[*Exeunt all.*

Enter Acomat, Vizier, Regan, and a band of soldiers.

Aco. Perhaps you wonder why prince Acomat,
Delighting heretofore in foolish love,
Hath chang'd his quiet to a soldier's state;

And turn'd the dulcet tunes of Hymen's song,
Into Bellona's horrible outcries;
You think it strange, that whereas I have liv'd,
Almost a votary to wantonness;
To see me now lay off effeminate robes,
And arm my body in an iron wall.
I have enjoyed quiet long enough,
And surfeited with pleasures surquedry;
A field of dainties I have passèd through,
And been a champion to fair Cytherea.
Now, since this idle peace hath wearied me,
I'll follow Mars, and war another while,
And dye my shield in dolorous vermeil.
My brother Selim through his manly deeds
Hath lifted up his fame unto the skies,
While we like earth-worms lurking in the weeds
Do live inglorious in all men's eyes.
What lets me then from this vain slumber rise,
And by strong hand achieve eternal glory,
That may be talk'd of in all memory?
And see how Fortune favours mine intent!
Heard you not, lordings, how prince Selimus
Against our royal father armèd went?
And how the janissaries made him flee
To Ramir emperor of Tartary?
That his rebellion greatly profits me;
For I shall sooner win my father's mind,
To yield me up the Turkish empery;

Which if I have, I am sure I shall find
Strong enemies to pull me down again,
That fain would have prince Selimus to reign.
Then civil discord, and contentious war,
Will follow Acomat's coronation.
Selim no doubt will broach seditious jar,
And Corcut too will seek for alteration.
Now to prevent all sudden perturbation,
We thought it good to muster up our power,
That danger may not take it unprovided.
Vizier. I like your highness' resolution well;
For these should be the chief arts of a king,
To punish those that furiously rebel,
And honour those that sacred counsel bring;
To make good laws, ill customs to expell;
To nourish peace, from whence your riches spring;
And, when good quarrels call you to the field,
T' excel your men in handling spear and shield.
Thus shall the glory of your matchless name
Be register'd up in immortal lines:
Whereas that prince that follows lustful game,
And to fond toys his captive mind inclines,
Shall never pass the temple of true fame;
Whose worth is greater than the Indian mines.
But is your Grace assurèd certainly
That Bajazet doth favour your request?
Perhaps you may make him your enemy;
You know how much your father doth detest,

Stout [dis]obedience and obstinacy.
I speak not this as if I thought it best,
Your highness should your right in it neglect,
But that you might be close and circumspect.
Aco. We thank thee, Visier, for thy loving care;
As for my father Bajazet's affection,
Unless his holy vows forgotten are,
I shall be sure of it by his election;
But after Acomat's erection
We must forecast what things be necessary,
Lest that our kingdom be too momentary.
Reg. First, let my lord be seated in his throne
Enstallèd by great Bajazet's consent;
As yet your harvest is not fully grown,
But in the green and unripe blade is pent;
But, when you once have got the regiment,
Then may your lords more easily provide
Against all accidents that may betide.
Aco. Then set we forward to Byzantium,
That we may know what Bajazet intends.
Advise thee, Acomat, what 's best to do;
The janissaries favour Selimus,
And they are strong undaunted enemies,
Which will in arms 'gainst thy election rise.
Then wile them to thy will with precious gifts,
And store of gold; timely largition
The stedfast persons from their purpose lifts:
But then beware lest Bajazet's affection

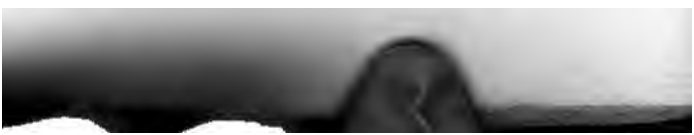
Change into hatred by such premunition.
For then he'[ll] think that I am factious,
And imitate my brother Selimus.
Besides, a prince his humour doth debase,
That begs the common soldiers' suffrages;
And if the Bashaws knew I sought their grace,
It would the more increase their insolentness.
To resist them were overhardiness,
And worse it were to leave my enterprise.
Well, howsoe'er, resolve to venture it;
Fortune doth favour every bold assay,
And 'twere a trick of an unsettled wit
Because the bees have stings with them alway,
To fear our mouths in honey to embay.
Then Resolution for me leads the dance,
And thus resolv'd, I mean to try my chance.
[*Exeunt all.*

Enter Bajazet, Mustaffa, Cali Bashaw, Hali Bashaw, and the Janissaries.

Baja. What prince soe'er trusts to his mighty power,
Ruling the reins of many nations,
And feareth not lest fickle Fortune lower,
Or thinks his kingdom free from alterations;
If he were in the place of Bajazet,
He would but little by his sceptre set.
For what hath rule that makes it acceptable?

Rather, what hath it not worthy of hate?
First of all is our state still mutable,
And our continuance at the people's rate;
So that it is a slender thread whereon
Depends the honour of a prince's throne.
Then do we fear, more than the child new-born,
Our friends, our lords, our subjects, and our son.
Thus is our mind in sundry pieces torn
By care, by fear, suspicion, and distrust;
In wine, in meat we fear pernicious poison;
At home, abroad, we fear seditious treason.
Too true that tyrant Dionysius
Did picture out the image of a King,
When Damocles was placèd in his throne,
And o'er his head a threat'ning sword did hang,
Fastned up only by a horse's hair.
Our chiefest trust is, secretly, distrust;
For whom have we whom we may safely trust,
If our own sons, neglecting awful duty,
Rise up in arms against their loving father?
Their heart is all of hardest marble wrought,
That can lay wait to take away their breath,
From whom they first suckèd this vital air:
My heart is heavy, and I needs must sleep.
Bashaws, withdraw yourselves from me awhile,
That I may rest my overburdned soul.

[*They stand aside while the curtains are drawn.*



Eunuchs, play me some music while I sleep.

[*Music within.*

Must. Good Bajazet, who would not pity thee,
Whom thine own son so vildly persecutes?
More mildly do th' unreasonablest beasts
Deal with their dams, than Selimus with thee.

Hali. Mustaffa, we are princes of the Land,
And love our emperor as well as thou;
Yet we will not, for pitying his estate,
Suffer our foes our wealth to ruinate.
If Selim have played false with Bajazet
And overslipt the duties of a son,
Why, he was mov'd by just occasion.
Did he not humbly send his messenger
To crave access unto his Majesty?
And yet he could not get permission
To kiss his hands, and speak his mind to him.
Perhaps he thought his agèd father's love
Was clean estrang'd from him, and Acomat
Should reap the fruit that he had laboured for.
'Tis lawful for the father to take arms,
Ay and by death chastise his rebel son.
Why should it be unlawful for the son
To levy arms 'gainst his injurious sire?

Must. You reason, Hali, like a sophister;
As if 'twere lawful for a subject-prince
To rise in arms against his sovereign,
Because he will not let him have his will;

Much less is 't lawful for a man's own son.
If Bajazet had injur'd Selimus,
Or sought his death, or done him some abuse,
Then Selimus' cause had been more tolerable.
But Bajazet did never injure him,
Nor sought his death, nor once abusèd him;
Unless because he gives him not the crown,
Being the youngest of his highness' sons.
Gave he not him an empire for his part,
The mighty empire of great Trebizond?
So that if all things rightly be observ'd,
Selim had more than ever he deserv'd;
I speak not this because I hate the prince,
For, by the heavens, I love young Selimus,
Better than either of his brethren.
But for I owe allegiance to my king,
And love him much that favours me so much,
Mustaffa, while old Bajazet doth live,
Will be as true to him as to himself.
Cali. Why, brave Mustaffa, Hali and myself
Were never false unto his Majesty.
Our father Hali dièd in the field,
Against the Sophi, in his highness' wars.
And we will never be degenerate.
Nor do we take part with prince Selimus,
Because we would depose old Bajazet,
But for because we would not Acomat
That leads his life still in lascivious pomp;

Nor Corcut, though he be a man of worth;
Should be commander of our empery.
For he that never saw his foeman's face,
But always slept upon a lady's lap,
Will scant endure to lead a soldier's life.
And he that never handled but his pen
Will be unskilful at the warlike lance.
Indeed, his wisdom well may guide the crown,
And keep that safe his predecessors got:
But being given to peace, as Corcut is,
He never will enlarge the empery:
So that the rule and power over us
Is only fit for valiant Selimus.

Must. Princes, you know how mighty Bajazet
Hath honourèd Mustaffa with his love.
He gave his daughter beauteous Solyma,
To be the sovereign mistress of my thoughts;
He made me captain of the janissaries,
And too unnatural should Mustaffa be,
To rise against him in his dying age.
Yet know, you warlike peers, Mustaffa is
A loyal friend unto prince Selimus:
And ere his other brethren get the crown,
For his sake, I myself will pull them down.
I love, I love them dearly, but the love
Which I do bear unto my country's good,
Makes me a friend to noble Selimus;
Only let Bajazet while he doth live

Enjoy in peace the Turkish diadem;
When he is dead, and laid in quiet grave,
Then none but Selimus our help shall have.

Sound within. A messenger enters; Bajazet awaketh.

Baja. How now, Mustaffa, what news have we there?
Is Selim up in arms 'gainst me again?
Or is the Sophi entred our confines?
Hath the Egyptian snatch'd his crown again?
Or have the uncontrollèd Christians
Unsheath'd their swords to make more war on us?
Such news, or none will come to Bajazet.

Must. My gracious Lord, here's an embassador
Come from your son the Soldan Acomat.

Baja. From Acomat? Oh let him enter in.

Enter Regan.

Embassador, how fares our loving son?

Reg. Mighty commander of the warlike Turks,
Acomat, Soldan of Amasia,
Greeteth your Grace by me his messenger.
[*He gives him a letter.*
And gratulates your highness' good success,
Wishing good fortune may befall you still.

Baja. Mustaffa, read.
[*He gives the letter to Mustaffa, and speaks the rest to himself.*

Acomat craves thy promise, Bajazet,
To give the empire up into his hands,
And make it sure to him in thy life-time:
And thou shalt have it, lovely Acomat,
For I have been encumbred long enough,
And vexèd with the cares of kingly rule;
Now let the trouble of the empery
Be buried in the bosom of thy son.
Ah Acomat! if thou have such a reign
So full of sorrow as thy father's was,
Thou wilt accurse the time, the day and hour,
In which thou was establish'd emperor.

Sound. A messenger from Corcut.

Yet more news?

Mess. Long live the mighty emperor Bajazet!
Corcut, the Soldan of Magnesia,
Hearing of Selim's worthy overthrow,
And of the coming of young Acomat,
Doth certify your Majesty by me,
How joyful he is of your victory.
And therewithal he humbly doth require
Your Grace would do him justice in his cause.
His brethren both, unworthy such a father,
Do seek the empire while your Grace doth live,
And that by indirect sinister means.
But Corcut's mind, free from ambitious thoughts,
And trusting to the goodness of his cause,

Joinèd unto your highness' tender love,
Only desires your Grace would not invest
Selim nor Acomat, in the diadem,
Which appertaineth unto him by right;
But keep it to yourself the while you live:
And when it shall the great Creator please,
Who hath the spirits of all men in His hands,
Shall call your highness to your latest home,
Then will he also sue to have his right.

Baja. Like to a ship sailing without stars' [sight]
Whom waves do toss one way and winds another,
Both without ceasing; even so my poor heart
Endures a combat between love and right.
The love I bear to dear Acomat
Commands me give my suffrage unto him;
But Corcut's title, being my eldest son,
Bids me recall my hand, and give it him.
Acomat, he would have it in my life,
But gentle Corcut, like a loving son,
Desires me live and die an Emperor,
And at my death bequeath my crown to him.
Ah Corcut! thou I see lov'st me indeed;
Selimus sought to thrust me down by force,
And Acomat seeks the kingdom in my life;
And both of them are griev'd thou liv'st so long;
But Corcut numbreth not my days as they;
O how much dearer loves he me than they!
Bashaws, how counsel you your emperor?

Must. Most gracious Lord, myself will speak for all;
For all I know are minded as I am.
Your highness knows the janissaries' love,
How firm they mean to cleave to your behest;
As well you might perceive in that sad fight,
When Selim set upon you in your flight.
Then do we all desire you on our knees
To keep the crown and sceptre to your self.
How grievous will it be unto your thoughts
If you should give the crown to Acomat,
To see the brethren disinherited,
To flesh their anger one upon another,
And rend the bowels of this mighty realm.
Suppose that Corcut would be well content,
Yet thinks your Grace if Acomat were king
That Selim ere long would join league with him?
Nay, he would break from forth his Trebizond,
And waste the empire all with fire and sword.
Ah! then too weak would be poor Acomat,
To stand against his brother's puissance,
Or save himself from his enhancèd hand;
While Ismael and the cruel Persians,
And the great Soldan of th' Egyptians,
Would smile to see our force dismembred so;
Ay, and perchance the neighbour Christians
Would take occasion to thrust out their heads:
All this may be prevented by your Grace,
If you will yield to Corcut's just request,

And keep the kingdom to you while you live;
Meantime, we that your Grace's subjects are
May make us strong, to fortify the man,
Whom at your death your Grace shall choose as king.

Baja. O how thou speakest ever like thyself,
Loyal Mustaffa! well were Bajazet
If all his sons did bear such love to him.
Though loth I am longer to wear the crown,
Yet for I see it is my subjects' will,
Once more will Bajazet be emperor.
But we must send to pacify our son,
Or he will storm, as erst did Selimus.
Come, let us go into our Council lords,
And there consider what is to be done.

Enter Acomat, Regan, Vizier, and his soldiers. Acomat must read a letter, and then rending it say:

Aco. Thus will I rend the crown from off thy head,
False-hearted and injurious Bajazet,
To mock thy son that lovèd thee so dear.
What? for because the head-strong janissaries
Would not consent to honour Acomat,
And their base Bashaws vow'd to Selimus,
Thought me unworthy of the Turkish crown;
Should he be ruled and overrul'd by them,
Under pretence of keeping it himself,
To wipe me clean for ever being king?
Doth he esteem so much the Bashaws' words,

And prize their favour at so high a rate,
That for to gratify their stubborn minds,
He casts away all care, and all respects
Of duty, promise, and religious oaths?
Now, by the holy prophet Mahomet
Chief president and patron of the Turks;
I mean to challenge now my right by arms,
And win by sword that glorious dignity
Which he injuriously detains from me.
Haply he thinks because that Selimus,
Rebutted by his warlike janissaries,
Was fain to fly in haste from whence he came;
That Acomat, by his example mov'd,
Will fear to manage arms against his sire;
Or that my life forepassed in Pleasure's court
Promises weak resistance in the fight;
But he shall know that I can use my sword,
And like a lion seize upon my prey.
If ever Selim mov'd him heretofore,
Acomat means to move him ten times more.

Vizier. 'Twere good your Grace would to Amasia,
And there increase your camp with fresh supply.

Aco. Vizier, I am impatient of delay;
And since my father has incens'd me thus,
I 'll quench those kindled flames with his heart's blood.
Not like a son, but a most cruel foe,
Will Acomat be henceforth unto him.

March to Natolia, there we will begin
And make a preface to our massacres.
My nephew Mahomet, son to Alemshae,
Departed lately from Iconium,
Is lodgèd there ; and he shall be the first
Whom I will sacrifice unto my wrath.
[*Exeunt all.*

Enter the young Prince Mahomet, the Belierbey of Natolia, and one or two soldiers.

Maho. Lord Governor, what think you best to do?
If we receive the soldan Acomat,
Who knoweth not but his blood-thirsty sword
Shall be embowel'd in our country-men?
You know he is displeas'd with Bajazet,
And will rebel—as Selim did to fore,—
And would to God, with Selim's overthrow.
You know his angry heart hath vow'd revenge
On all the subjects of his father's Land.
Beli. Young prince, thy uncle seeks to have thy life,
Because by right the Turkish crown is thine;
Save thou thyself by flight or otherwise,
And we will make resistance as we can.
Like an Armenian tiger that hath lost
Her lovèd whelps, so raveth Acomat:
And we must be subject [un]to his rage,
But you may live to 'venge your citizens;
Then fly, good prince, before your uncle come.

Maho. Nay, good my lord, never shall it be said
That Mahomet, the son of Alemshae,
Fled from his citizens for fear of death;
But I will stay, and help to fight for you,
And if you needs must die, I 'll die with you.
And I among the rest with forward hand
Will help to kill a common enemy. [*Exeunt all.*

Enter Acomat, Vizier, Regan, and the soldiers.

Aco. Now, fair Natolia, shall thy stately walls
Be overthrown and beaten to the ground;
My heart within me for revenge still calls.
Why, Bajazet, thoughtst thou that Acomat
Would put up such a monstrous injury?
Then had I brought my chivalry in vain,
And to no purpose drawn my conquering blade;
Which, now unsheath'd, shall not be sheath'd again,
Till it a world of bleeding souls hath made.
Poor Mahomet, thou thoughtst thyself too sure
In thy strong city of Iconium,
To plant thy forces in Natolia,
Weakned so much before by Selim's sword.
Summon a parley to the citizens,
That they may hear the dreadful words I speak,
And die in thought before they come to blows.

All. A parley. Mahomet, Belierbey, and soldiers on the walls.

Maho. What craves our uncle Acomat with us?
Aco. That thou and all the city yield themselves;
Or by the holy rites of Mahomet
His wondrous tomb, and sacred Alcoran
You all shall die; and not a common death,
But even as monstrous as I can devise.
Maho. Uncle, if I may call you by that name,
Which cruelly hunt for your nephew's blood;
You do us wrong thus to besiege our town,
That ne'er deserv'd such hatred at your hands,
Being your friends and kinsmen as we are.
Aco. In that thou wrong'st me that thou art my kinsman.
Maho. Why, for I am thy nephew, dost thou frown?
Aco. Ay, that thou art so near unto the crown.
Maho. Why, uncle, I resign my right to thee,
And all my title were it ne'er so good.
Aco. Wilt thou? then know assuredly from me,
I 'll seal the resignation with thy blood;
Though Alemshae thy father lov'd me well,
Yet Mahomet, his son, shall down to hell.
Maho. Why, uncle, doth my life put you in fear?
Aco. It shall not, nephew, since I have you here.
Maho. When I am dead, more hindrers shalt thou find.

Aco. When one's cut off, the fewer are behind.
Maho. Yet think the gods do bear an equal eye.
Aco. Faith if they all were squint-eyed, what care I?
Maho. Then, Acomat, know we will rather die,
Than yield us up into a tyrant's hand.
Aco. Beshrew me but you be the wiser, Mahomet;
For if I do but catch you, boy, alive,
'Twere better for you run through Phlegethon.
Sirs, scale the walls, and pull the caitiffs down,
I give to you the spoil of all the town.

Alarum. Scale the walls. Enter Acomat, Vizier, and Regan, with Mahomet.

Aco. Now, youngster, you that brav'dst us on the walls,
And shook your plumèd crest against our shield,
What wouldst thou give, or what wouldst thou not give,
That thou wert far enough from Acomat?
How like the villain is to Bajazet!
Well, nephew, for thy father lov'd me well,
I will not deal extremely with his son:
Then hear a brief compendium of thy death.
Regan, go cause a grove of steel-head spears
Be pitchèd thick under the castle wall,
And on them let this youthful captain fall.
Maho Thou shalt not fear me, Acomat, with death,
Nor will I beg my pardon at thy hands.

But, as thou giv'st me such a monstrous death,
So do I freely leave to thee my curse:
[*Exit Regan with Mahomet.*
Aco. O, that will serve to fill my father's purse!

Alarum. Enter a soldier with Zonara, sister to Mahomet.

Zon. Ah pardon me, dear uncle, pardon me!
Aco. No, minion, you are too near akin to me.
Zon. If ever pity enterèd thy breast,
Or ever thou wast touch'd with woman's love,
Sweet uncle, spare wretched Zonara's life.
Thou once wast noted for a quiet prince,
Soft-hearted, mild, and gentle as a lamb;
Ah do not prove a lion unto me!
Aco. Why wouldst thou live, when Mahomet is dead?
Zon. Ah! who slew Mahomet? Uncle, did you?
Aco. He that's prepar'd to do as much for you.
Zon. Dost thou not pity Alemshae in me?
Aco. Yes, that he wants so long thy company.
Zon. Thou art not, false groom, son to Bajazet;
He would relent to hear a woman weep,
But thou wast born in desert Caucasus,
And the Hyrcanian tigers gave thee suck;
Knowing thou wert a monster like themselves.
Aco. Let you her thus to rate us? Strangle her.
[*They strangle her.*

Now scour the streets, and leave not one alive
To carry these sad news to Bajazet;
That all the citizens may dearly say
This day was fatal to Natolia. [*Exeunt all.*

Enter Bajazet, Mustaffa, and the Janissaries.

Baja. Mustaffa, if my mind deceive me not,
Some strange misfortune is not far from me.
I was not wont to tremble in this sort;
Methinks I feel a cold run through my bones,
As if it hastned to surprise my heart;
Methinks some voice still whispereth in my ears
And bids me to take heed of Acomat.
Must. 'Tis but your highness' overchargèd mind
Which feareth most the things it least desires.

Enter two soldiers with the Belierbey of Natolia in a chair, and the bodies of Mahomet and Zonara in two coffins.

Baja. Ah sweet Mustaffa, thou art much deceiv'd;
My mind presages me some future harm;
And lo! what doleful exequy is here.
Our chief commander of Natolia,
What caitiff hand is it hath wounded thee?
And who are these covered in tomb-black hearse?
Beli. These are thy nephews, mighty Bajazet,

The son and daughter of good Alemshae;
Whom cruel Acomat hath murdred thus.
These eyes beheld, when from an airy tower,
They hurld the body of young Mahomet,
Whereas a band of armèd soldiers,
Received him falling on their spears' sharp points.
His sister, poor Zonara [luckless maid],
Entreating life and not obtaining it,
Was strangled by his barbarous soldiers.
[*Bajazet falls in a swoon, and being recovered say.*
Baja. O! you dispensers of our hapless breath,
Why do ye glut your eyes, and take delight
To see sad pageants of men's miseries?
Wherefore have you prolong'd my wretched life,
To see my son, my dearest Acomat,
To lift his hands against his father's life?
Ah, Selimus, now do I pardon thee,
For thou didst set upon me manfully,
And mov'd by an occasion, though unjust.
But Acomat, injurious Acomat,
Is ten times more unnatural to me.
Hapless Zonara! hapless Mahomet!
The poor remainder of my Alemshae;
Which of you both shall Bajazet most wail?
Ah! both of you are worthy to be waild.
Happily dealt the forward fates with thee
Good Alemshae, for thou didst die in field
And so preventedst this sad spectacle;

Pitiful spectacle of sad dreeriment!
Pitiful spectacle of dismal death!
But I have liv'd to see thee, Alemshae,
By Tartar pirates all in pieces torn;
To see young Selim's disobedience,
To see the death of Alemshae's poor seed.
And last of all to see my Acomat
Prove a rebellious enemy to me.

Beli. Ah! cease your tears, unhappy emperor,
And shed not all for your poor nephews' death.
Six thousand of true-hearted citizens
In fair Natolia, Acomat has slain:
The channels run like riverets of blood,
And I escap'd with this poor company,
Bemangled and dismembred as you see;
To be the messenger of these sad news.
And now mine eyes fast swimming in pale death
Bids me resign my breath unto the heavens:
Death stands before ready for to strike.
Farewell, dear emperor, and revenge our loss,
As ever thou dost hope for happiness. [*He dies.*

Baja. Avernus' jaws and loathsome Taenarus,
From whence the damnèd ghosts do often creep
Back to the world, to punish wicked men,
Black Demogorgon, grandfather of Night,
Send out thy furies from thy fiery hall;
The pitiless Erynnis arm'd with whips
And all the damnèd monsters of black hell;

To pour their plagues on cursèd Acomat.
How shall I mourn, or which way shall I turn
To pour my tears upon my dearest friends?
Couldst thou endure, false-hearted Acomat,
To kill thy nephew and his sister thus,
And wound to death so valiant a lord?
And will you not, you all-beholding heavens,
Dart down on him your piercing lightning brand,
Enroll'd in sulphur, and consuming flames?
Ah! do not, Jove, Acomat is my son,
And may perhaps by counsel be reclaim'd,
And brought to filial obedience.
Aga, thou art a man of peirsant wit;
Go thou and talk with my son Acomat,
And see if he will any way relent;
Speak him fair, Aga, lest he kill thee too.
And we my lords will in, and mourn a while
Over these princes' lamentable tombs.
[*Exeunt all.*

Enter Acomat, Vizier, Regan, and their soldiers.

Aco. As Tityus in the country of the dead
With restless cries doth call upon high Jove,
The while the vulture tireth on his heart;
So Acomat, revenge still gnaws thy soul.
I think my soldiers' hands have been too slow,
In shedding blood, and murdring innocents.

I think my wrath hath been too patient,
Since civil blood quencheth not out the flames
Which Bajazet hath kindled in my heart.
Vizier. My gracious lord, here is a messenger
Sent from your father the emperor.

Enter Aga and one with him.

Aco. Let him come in: Aga, what news with you?
Aga. Great prince, thy father, mighty Bajazet,
Wonders your Grace whom he did love so much,
And thought to leave possessor of the crown;
Would thus requite his love with mortal hate,
To kill thy nephews with revenging sword,
And massacre his subjects in such sort.
Aco. Aga, my father, traitorous Bajazet,
Detains the crown injuriously from me;
Which I will have if all the world say nay.
I am not like the unmanurèd land,
Which answers not his earers' greedy mind;
I sow not seeds upon the barren sand;
A thousand ways can Acomat soon find,
To gain my will; which if I cannot gain,
Then purple blood my angry hands shall stain.
Aga. [Ah] Acomat, yet learn by Selimus
That hasty purposes have hated ends.
Aco. Tush, Aga, Selim was not wise enough,
To set upon the head at the first brunt;
He should have done as I do mean to do;

Fill all the confines, with fire, sword, and blood,
Burn up the fields, and overthrow whole towns;
And, when he had endamagèd that way,
Then tear the old man piecemeal with my teeth,
And colour my strong hands with his gore-blood.
Aga. O see, my lord, how fell ambition
Deceives your senses and bewitches you;
Could you unkind perform so foul a deed,
As kill the man that first gave life to you?
Do you not fear the people's adverse fame?
Aco. It is the greatest glory of a king
When, though his subjects hate his wicked deeds,
Yet are they forc'd to bear them all with praise.
Aga. Whom fear constrains to praise their prince's deeds,
That fear eternal hatred in them feeds.
Aco. He knows not how to sway the kingly mace,
That loves to be great in his people's grace:
The surest ground for kings to build upon,
Is to be fear'd and curs'd of every one.
What, though the world of nations me hate?
Hate is peculiar to a prince's state.
Aga. Where there 's no shame, no care of holy law,
No faith, no justice, no integrity,
That state is full of mutability.
Aco. Bare faith, pure virtue, poor integrity,
Are ornaments fit for a private man;
Beseems a prince for to do all he can.

Aga. Yet know it is a sacrilegious will,
To slay thy father, were he ne'er so ill.
Aco. 'Tis lawful, gray-beard, for to do to him,
What ought not to be done unto a father.
Hath he not wip'd me from the Turkish crown?
Preferr'd he not the stubborn janissaries,
And heard the Bashaws' stout petitions,
Before he would give ear to my request?
As sure as day, mine eyes shall ne'er taste sleep,
Before my sword have riven his perjur'd breast.
Aga. Ah, let me never live to see that day.
Aco. Yes, thou shalt live, but never see that day;
Wanting the tapers that should give thee light
[*Pulls out his eyes.*
Thou shalt not see so great felicity,
When I shall rend out Bajazet's dim eyes,
And by his death install myself a king.
Aga. Ah! cruel tyrant and unmerciful,
More bloody than the Anthropophagi,
That fill their hungry stomachs with man's flesh.
Thou shouldst have slain me, barbarous Acomat,
Not leave me in so comfortless a life;
To live on earth, and never see the sun.
Aco. Nay, let him die that liveth at his ease;
Death would a wretched caitiff greatly please.
Aga. And think'st thou then to escape unpunished?
No, Acomat, though both mine eyes be gone,
Yet are my hands left on to murder thee.

Aco. 'Twas well remembered: Regan, cut them off.
[*They cut off his hands and give them Acomat.*
Now in that sort go tell thy emperor
That, if himself had but been in thy place,
I would have us'd him crueller than thee:
Here take thy hands, I know thou lov'st them well.
[*Opens his bosom, and puts them in.*
Which hand is this? right? or left? canst thou tell?
Aga. I know not which it is, but 'tis my hand.
But oh thou Supreme Architect of all,
First mover of those tenfold crystal orbs,
Where all those moving and unmoving eyes
Behold Thy goodness everlastingly;
See, unto Thee I lift these bloody arms:
For hands I have not for to lift to Thee;
And, in Thy justice, dart Thy smouldring flame
Upon the head of cursèd Acomat.
Oh cruel heavens and injurious fates!
Even the last refuge of a wretched man
Is took from me: for how can Aga weep?
Or run a brinish shower of pearled tears,
Wanting the watery cisterns of his eyes?
Come lead me back again to Bajazet,
The woefullest, and sadd'st embassadour
That ever was dispatch'd to any king.
Aco. Why so, this music pleases Acomat.
And would I had my doting father here,
I would rip up his breast, and rend his heart;

Into his bowels thrust my angry hands,
As willingly, and with as good a mind,
As I could be the Turkish emperor.
And by the clear-declining vault of heaven,
Whither the souls of dying men do flee,
Either I mean to die the death myself,
Or make that old false traitor bleed his last.
For death no sorrow could unto me bring,
So Acomat might die the Turkish king.

[*Exeunt all.*

Enter Bajazet, Mustaffa, Cali, Hali, and Aga, led by a soldier; who [*shewn*] *kneeling before Bajazet, and holding his legs shall say:*

Aga. Is this the body of my sovereign?
Are these the sacred pillars that support
The image of true magnanimity?
Ah Bajazet! thy son false Acomat
Is full resolv'd to take thy life from thee,
'Tis true! 'tis true! witness these handless arms!
Witness, these empty lodges of mine eyes!
Witness, the gods that from the highest heaven
Beheld the tyrant with remorseless heart,
Pull out mine eyes, and cut off my weak hands!
Witness, the sun whose golden-coloured beams
Your eyes do see, but mine can ne'er behold;
Witness, the earth, that suckèd up my blood,

Streaming in rivers from my tronkèd arms!
Witness, the present that he sends to thee!
Open my bosom, there you shall it see.
[*Mustaffa opens his bosom and takes out his hands.*
Those are the hands which Aga once did use
To toss the spear, and in a war-like gyre
To hurtle my sharp sword about my head;
These sends he to the woeful emperor,
With purpose so [to] cut thy hands from thee.
Why is my sovereign silent all this while?
Baja. Ah, Aga, Bajazet fain would speak to thee,
But sudden sorrow eateth up my words.
Bajazet, Aga, fain would weep for thee,
But cruel sorrow drieth up my tears.
Bajazet, Aga, fain would die for thee,
But grief hath weakned my poor agèd hands.
How can he speak, whose tongue sorrow hath tied?
How can he mourn, that cannot shed a tear?
How shall he live, that full of misery
Calleth for Death, which will not let him die?
Must. Let women weep, let children pour forth tears,
And cowards spend the time in bootless moan.
We'll load the earth with such a mighty host
Of janissaries, stern-born sons of Mars,
That Phoeb shall fly and hide him in the clouds
For fear our javelins thrust him from his wain.
Ad Aga was a prince among your lords,
Is counsels always were true oracles;

And shall he thus unmanly be misus'd,
And he unpunishèd that did the deed?
Shall Mahomet and poor Zonara's ghosts
And the good governor of Natolia
Wander in Stygian meadows unreveng'd?
Good emperor stir up thy manly heart,
And send forth all thy warlike janissaries
To chastise that rebellious Acomat.
Thou knowst we cannot fight without a guide,
And he must be one of the royal blood,
Sprung from the loins of mighty Ottoman;
And who remains now, but young Selimus?
So please your Grace to pardon his offence,
And make him captain of th' imperial host.

Baja. Ay, good Mustaffa, send for Selimus;
So I may be reveng'd, I care not how;
The worst that can befall me is but death;
['Tis] that would end my woeful misery.
Selimus, he must work me this good turn;
I cannot kill myself, he'll do't for me.
Come, Aga, thou and I will weep the while:
Thou for thy eyes and loss of both thy hands,
I for the unkindness of my Acomat. [*Exeunt all.*

Enter Selimus, and a messenger with a letter from Bajazet.

Sel. Will Fortune favour me yet once again?
And will she thrust the cards into my hands?

Well, if I chance but once to get the deck,
To deal about and shuffle as I would;
Let Selim never see the daylight spring,
Unless I shuffle out myself a king.
Friend, let me see thy letter once again,
That I may read these reconciling lines.
[*Reads the letter.*
Thou hast a pardon, Selim, granted thee.
Mustaffa and the forward janissaries
Have suèd to thy father Bajazet,
That thou may'st be their captain-general
Against th' attempts of soldan Acomat.
Why, that's the thing that I requested most,
That I might once the imperial army lead;
And since it's offred me so willingly,
Beshrew me but I'll take their courtesy.
Soft, let me see is there no policy
T' entrap poor Selimus, in this device?
It may be that my father fears me yet,
Lest I should once again rise up in arms,
And like Antaeus quelled by Hercules,
Gather new forces by my overthrow;
And therefore sends for me under pretence
Of this, and that; but when he hath me there,
He'll make me sure for putting him in fear.
Distrust is good when there's cause of distrust:
Read it again, perchance thou dost mistake.
[*Reads.*

O! here's Mustaffa's signet set thereto!
Then, Selim, cast all foolish fear aside,
For he's a prince that favours thy estate,
And hateth treason worse than death itself.
And hardly can I think he could be brought
If there were treason, to subscribe his name.
Come, friend, the cause requires we should be gone:
Now once again have at the Turkish throne.

[*Exeunt both.*

Enter Bajazet leading Aga, Mustaffa, Hali, Cali, Selimus, and the Janissaries.

Baja. Come, mournful Aga, come and sit by me,
Thou hast been sorely griev'd for Bajazet;
Good reason then that he should grieve for thee.
Give me thy arm; though thou hast lost thy hands,
And liv'st as a poor exile in this light,
Yet hast thou won the heart of Bajazet.

Aga. Your Grace's words are very comfortable
And well can Aga bear his grievous loss,
Since it was for so good a prince's sake.

Sel. Father,—if I may call thee by that name,
Whose life I aim'd at with rebellious sword,—
In all humility thy reformèd son
Offers himself into your Grace's hands,
And at your feet layeth his bloody sword,
Which he advanc'd against your Majesty.

If my offence do seem so odious
That I deserve not longer time to live,
Behold I open unto you my breast,
Ready-prepared to die at your command.
But if repentance in unfeignèd heart,
And sorrow for my grievous crime forepast,
May merit pardon at your princely hands;
Behold where poor inglorious Selimus
Upon his knees begs pardon of your Grace.
Baja. Stand up, my son, I joy to hear thee speak;
But more, to hear thou art so well reclaim'd.
Thy crime was ne'er so odious unto me,
But thy reformèd life and humble thoughts
Are thrice as pleasing to my agèd spirit.
Selim, we here pronounce thee by our will,
Chief-general of the warlike janissaries:
Go lead them out against false Acomat,
Which hath so grievously rebell'd 'gainst me.
Spare him not, Selim; though he be my son,
Yet do I now clean disinherit him,
As common enemy to me and mine.
Sel. May Selim live to shew how dutiful
And loving he will be to Bajazet.
So now doth Fortune smile on me again, [*Aside.*
And in regard of former injuries,
Offers me millions of diadems:
I smile to see how that the good old man
Thinks Selim's thoughts are brought to such an ebb

As he hath cast off all ambitious hope.
But soon shall that opinion be remov'd;
For if I once get 'mongst the janissars,
Then on my head the golden crown shall sit.
Well, Bajazet, I fear me thou wilt grieve
That ever thou didst thy feigning son believe.

Exit Selim, with all the rest, save Bajazet and Aga.

Baja. Now, Aga, all the thoughts that troubled me,
Do rest within the centre of my heart;
And thou shalt shortly joy as much with me;
Then Acomat, by Selim's consuming sword,
Shall leave that ghost which made thee lose thy sight.

Aga. Ah Bajazet! Aga looks not for revenge,
But will pour out his prayers to the heavens,
That Acomat may learn by Selimus,
To yield himself up to his father's grace.
[*Sound within, long live Selimus Emperor of Turks.*

Baja. How now, what sudden triumph have we here?

Must. Ah gracious Lord! the captains of the host,
With one assent have crown'd prince Selimus;
And here he comes with all his janissaries,
To crave his confirmation at thy hands.

Enter Cali Bashaw, Selimus, Hali Bashaw, Sinam, and the Janissaries.

Sinam. Bajazet, we the captains of thy host,
Knowing thy weak and too unwieldy age,

Unable is longer to govern us;
Have chosen Selimus thy younger son
That he may be our leader and our guide,
Against the Sophi and his Persians;
'Gainst the victorious soldan Tonombey.
There wants but thy consent, which we will have,
Or hew thy body piece-meal with our swords.

Baja. Needs must I give, what is already gone.
[*He takes off his crown.*
Here Selimus, thy father Bajazet
Wearied with cares that wait upon a king,
Resigns the crown as willingly to thee,
As ere my father gave it unto me.
[*Sets it on his head.*

All. Long live Selimus Emperor of Turks!

Baja. Live thou a long and a victorious reign,
And be triumpher of thine enemies.
Aga and I will to Dimoticum,
And live in peace the remnant of our days.
[*Exit Bajazet and Aga.*

Sel. Now sit I like the arm-strong son of Jove,
When, after he had all his monsters quell'd,
He was receiv'd in heaven 'mongst the gods,
And had fair Hebe for his lovely bride.
As many labours Selimus hath had,
And now at length attainèd to the crown;
This is my Hebe, and this is my heaven.
Bajazet goeth to Dimoticum,

And there he purposes to live at ease ;
But Selimus, as long as he is on earth,
Thou shalt not sleep in rest without some broil ;
For Bajazet is as unconstant as the wind :
To make that sure I have a platform laid.
Bajazet hath with him a cunning Jew,
Professing physic ; and so skill'd therein,
As if he had pow'r over life and death,
Withal, a man so stout and resolute,
That he will venture anything for gold.
This Jew with some intoxicated drink,
Shall poison Bajazet and that blind lord ;
Then one of the Hydra's heads is clean cut off.
Go some and fetch [here] Abraham the Jew.
[*Exit one for Abraham.*
Corcut, thy pageant next is to be played ;
For though he be a grave philosopher,
Given to read Mahomet's dread laws,
And Razin's toys, and Avicenna's drugs ;
Yet he may have a longing for the crown.
Besides, he may by devilish Negromancy
Procure my death, or work my overthrow :
The devil still is ready to do harm.
Hali, you and your brother presently
Shall with an army to Magnesia ;
There you shall find the scholar at his book ;
And hear'st thou, Hali ? strangle him.
[*Exeunt Hali and Cali.*

Corcut once dead, then Acomat remains,
Whose death will make me certain of the crown.
These heads of Hydra are the principal;
When these are off, some other will arise,
As Amurath and Alladin, sons to Acomat;
My sister Solyma, Mustaffa's wife;
All these shall suffer shipwreck on a shelf,
Rather than Selim will be drowned himself.

Enter Abraham the Jew.

Jew, thou art welcome unto Selimus;
I have a piece of service for you, sir,
But, on your life, be secret in the deed.
Get a strong poison, whose envenom'd taste
May take away the life of Bajazet,
Before he pass forth of Byzantium.

Abra. I warrant you, my gracious sovereign,
He shall be quickly sent unto his grave;
For I have potions of so strong a force,
That whosoever touches them shall die.
[*Speaks aside.*
And would your Grace would once but taste of them,
I could as willingly afford them you,
As your agèd father Bajazet.
My Lord, I am resolv'd to do the deed.
[*Exit Abraham.*

Sel. So this is well: for I am none of those
That make a conscience for to kill a man.
For nothing is more hurtful to a prince,
Than to be scrupulous and religious.
I like Lysander's counsel passing well;
'If that I cannot speed with lion's force,
To clothe my complots in a fox's skin.'
For th' only things that wrought our empery,
Were open wrongs, and hidden treachery.
Oh! th' are two wings wherewith I use to fly,
And soar above the common sort.
If any seek our wrongs to remedy,
With these I take his meditation short;
And one of these shall still maintain my cause,
Or fox's skin, or lion's rending paws.
[*Exeunt all.*

Enter Bajazet, Aga, in mourning cloaks, Abraham the Jew with a cup.

Baja. Come, Aga, let us sit and mourn a while,
For Fortune never shew'd herself so cross
To any prince as to poor Bajazet.
That woeful emperor first of my name,
Whom the Tartarians lockèd in a cage
To be a spectacle to all the world,
Was ten times happier than I am.
For Tamberlaine the scourge of nations,

Was he that pull'd him from his kingdom so;
But mine own sons expel me from the throne.
Ah! where shall I begin to make my moan?
Or what shall I first reckon in my plaint?
From my youth up I have been drown'd in woe,
And to my latest hour I shall be so.
You swelling seas of never-ceasing care,
Whose waves my weather-beaten ship do toss:
Your boistrous billows too unruly are,
And threaten still my ruin and my loss;
Like hugy mountains do your waters rear
Their lofty tops, and my weak vessel cross.
Alas! at length allay your stormy strife;
And cruel wrath within me raging rife.
Or else my feeble bark cannot endure,
Your flashing buffets and outrageous blows:
But while thy foamy flood doth it immure,
Shall soon be wrecked upon the sandy shallows.
Grief, my lewd boat-swain, stirreth nothing sure,
But without stars 'gainst tide and wind he rows,
And cares not though upon some rock we split:
A restless pilot for the charge unfit.
But out alas, the god that rules the seas,
And can alone this raging tempest stent,
Will never blow a gentle gale of ease,
But suffer my poor vessel to be rent.
Then O thou blind procurer of mischance,
That stay'st thyself upon a turning wheel,

Thy cruel hand, even when thou wilt, enhance,
And pierce my poor heart with thy thrillant steel.
Aga. Cease, Bajazet, now it is Aga's turn;
Rest thou awhile and gather up more tears,
The while poor Aga tells his tragedy.
When first my mother brought me to the world,
Some blazing comet rulèd in the sky,
Portending miserable chance to me.
My parents were but men of poor estate;
And happy yet had wretched Aga been,
If Bajazet had not exalted him.
Poor Aga, had it not been much more fair,
T'have died among the cruel Persians,
Than thus at home by barbarous tyranny
To live and never see the cheerful day,
And to want hands wherewith to feel the way?
Baja. Leave weeping, Aga, we have wept enough;
Now Bajazet will ban another while,
And utter curses to the concave sky
Which may infect the regions of the air,
And bring a general plague on all the world.
Night! thou most ancient grand-mother of all,
First made by Jove, for rest and quiet sleep,
When cheerful day is gone from th'earth's wide hall;
Henceforth thy mantle in black Lethe steep,
And clothe the world in darkness infernal.
Suffer not once the joyful daylight peep,

But let thy pitchy steeds aye draw thy wain,
And coal-black Silence in the world still reign.
Curse on my parents that first brought me up,
And on the cradle wherein I was rock'd!
Curse on the day when first I was created
To chief commander of all Asia!
Curse on my sons that drive me to this grief!
Curse on myself that can find no relief!
And curse on him, an everlasting curse,
That quench'd those lamps of ever-burning light,
And took away my Aga's warlike hands!
And curse on all things under the wide sky:
Ah Aga, I have cursed my stomach dry.

Abra. I have a drink, my lords, of noble worth,
Which soon will calm your stormy passions,
And glad your heart, if so you please to taste it.

Baja. And who art thou that thus dost pity us?

Abra. Your highness' humble servant Abraham.

Baja. Abraham, sit down and drink to Bajazet.

Abra. Faith I am old as well as Bajazet,
And have not many months to live on earth;
I care not much to end my life with him.
Here's to you, lordings, with a full carouse.
[*He drinks.*

Baja. Here, Aga, woeful Bajazet drinks to thee:
Abraham, hold the cup to him while he drinks.

Abra. Now know, old lords, that you have drank your last;

This was a potion which I did prepare
To poison you, by Selimus' instigation,
And now it is dispersèd through my bones;
And glad I am that such companions
Shall go with me down to Proserpina. [*He dies.*

Baja. Ah wicked Jew! ah cursed Selimus!
How have the Destins dealt with Bajazet!
That none should cause my death but mine own son:
Had Ismael and his warlike Persians
Piercèd my body with their iron spears,
Or had the strong unconquer'd Tonombey
With his Egyptians took me prisoner,
And sent me with his valiant Mamelukes,
To be prey unto the crocodilus;
It never would have griev'd me half so much.
But welcome Death, into whose calm port
My sorrow-beaten soul joys to arrive.
And now farewell, my disobedient sons!
Unnatural sons, unworthy of that name.
Farewell sweet life! and Aga now farewell,
Till we shall meet in the Elysian fields.
[*He dies.*

Aga. What greater grief had mournful Priamus
Than that he liv'd to see his Hector die,
His city burnt down by revenging flames,
And poor Polites slain before his face?
Aga, thy grief is matchable to his,

For I have liv'd to see my sovereign's death ;
Yet glad that I must breathe my last with him.
And now farewell, sweet light, which my poor eyes
These twice six months never did behold :
Aga will follow noble Bajazet,
And beg a boon of lovely Proserpine,
That he and I may in the mournful fields
Still weep and wail our strange calamities. [*He dies.*

Enter Bullithrumble, the shepherd running in haste, and laughing to himself.

Bulli. Ha ! ha ! ha ! married, quoth you? Marry and Bullithrumble were to begin the world again, I would set a tap abroach, and not live in daily fear of the breach of my wife's ten-commandments. I'll tell you what, I thought myself as proper a fellow at wasters, as any in all our village, and yet when my wife begins to plays clubs trump with me, I am fain to sing :

What hap had I to marry a shrow,
For she hath given me many a blow ;
And how to please her alas I do not know.

From morn to even, her tongue ne'er lies,
Sometime she laughs, sometime she cries,
And I can scarce keep her talents from my eyes.

When from abroad I do come in,
Sir knave, she cries, where have you bin?
Thus please, or displease, she lays it on my skin.

Then do I crouch, then do I kneel,
And wish my cap were furr'd with steel,
To bear the blows that my poor head doth feel.

But our sir John, beshrew thy heart,
For thou hast join'd us, we cannot part,
And I poor fool must ever bear the smart.

I'll tell you what, this morning while I was making me ready, she came with a holly wand, and so blest my shoulders that I was fain to run through a whole alphabet of faces: now at the last, seeing she was so cramuk with me, I began to swear all the criss cross row over, beginning at great *A*, little *a*, till I came to *w*, *x*, *y*. And snatching up my sheephook, and my bottle and my bag, like a desperate fellow ran away, and here now I'll sit down and eat my meat.

While he is eating, enter Corcut and his Page, disguised like mourners.

Cor. O hateful hellish snake of Tartary,
That feedest on the soul of noblest men,
Damnèd Ambition, cause of all misery!
Why dost thou creep from out thy loathsome fen,
And with thy poison animatest friends,
And gape and long one for the other's ends?
Selimus, could thou not content thy mind
With the possession of the sacred throne,

Which thou didst get by father's death unkind;
Whose poisoned ghost before high God doth groan?
But thou must seek poor Corcut's overthrow,
That never injurèd thee, so, nor so?
Old Hali's sons with two great companies
Of barded horse, were sent from Selimus,
To take me prisoner in Magnesia;
And death I am sure should have befel to me,
If they had once but set their eyes on me.
So thus disguisèd, my poor page and I,
Fled fast to Smyrna; where in a dark cave
We meant t' await the arrival of some ship
That might transfreight us safely unto Rhodes.
But see how Fortune cross'd my enterprise.
Bostangi Bashaw, Selim's son-in-law,
Kept all the sea-coast with his brigandines,
That if we had but ventur'd on the sea,
I presently had been his prisoner.
These two days have we kept us in the cave,
Eating such herbs as the ground did afford;
And now through hunger are we both constrain'd
Like fearful snakes to creep out step by step,
And see if we may get us any food.
And in good time, see yonder sits a man,
Spreading a hungry dinner on the grass.

Bullithrumble spies them, and puts up his meat.

Bulli. These are some felonians, that seek to rob me;

well, I 'll make myself a good deal valianter than I am indeed, and if they will needs creep into kindred with me, I 'll betake me to my old occupation, and run away.

Corcut. Hail, groom ! 1948

Bulli. Good Lord, sir, you are deceived, my name is master Bullithrumble : this is some cousening coni-catching crosbiter, that would fain persuade me he knows me, and so under a 'tence of familiarity and acquaintance, uncle me of victuals.

Corcut. Then, Bullithrumble, if that be thy name :—

Bulli. My name, sir ? oh Lord, yes, and if you will not believe me, I will bring my godfathers and god-mothers, and they shall swear it upon the font-stone, and upon the church-book too, where it is written. Mass, I think he be some Justice of peace, *ad quorum*, and *omnium populorum*, how he 'samines me : a christian, yes, marry am I, sir, yes verily and do believe : and it please you I 'll go forward in my catechism. 1963

Corcut. Then, Bullithrumble, by that blessed Christ,
And by the tomb where He was buried,
By sovereign hope which thou conceiv'st in Him,
Whom dead, as everlasting thou adorest——

Bulli. O Lord help me, I shall be torn in pieces with devils and goblins.

Corcut. By all the joys thou hop'st to have in heaven,
Give some meat to poor hunger-starvèd men. 1971

Bulli. Oh, these are as a man should say beggars: Now will I be as stately to them as if I were master Pigwiggen our constable: well, sirs, come before me, tell me if I should entertain you, would you not steal?

Page. If we did mean so, sir, we would not make your worship acquainted with it.

Bulli. A good well-nutrimented lad: well, if you will keep my sheep truly and honestly, keeping your hands from lying and slandering, and your tongues from picking and stealing, you shall be master Bullithrumble's servitors.

Corcut. With all our hearts.

Bulli. Then come on and follow me; we will have a hog's cheek, and a dish of tripes, and a society of puddings, and to field: a society of puddings? did you mark that well-used metaphor? Another would have said a company of puddings: if you dwell with me long, sirs, I shall make you as eloquent as our parson himself.

[*Exeunt Corcut and Bullithrumble.*

Page. Now is the time when I may be enrich'd:
The brethren that were sent by Selimus
To take my lord, prince Corcut, prisoner,
Finding him fled, proposèd large rewards
To them that could declare where he remains:
Faith, I 'll to them and get the portagues,
Though by the bargain Corcut lose his head.

[*Exit Page.*

Enter Selimus, Sinam Bashaw, the corpses of Bajazet and Aga with funeral pomp, Mustaffa, and the Janissaries.

Sel. Why, thus must Selim blind his subjects' eyes,
And strain his own to weep for Bajazet!
They will not dream [that] I made him away
When thus they see me with religious pomp
To celebrate his tomb-black mortuary. [*To himself.*
And though my heart, cast in an iron mould
Cannot admit the smallest dram of grief;
Yet, that I may be thought to love him well,
I'll mourn in shew, though I rejoice in deed.
[*To the corses.*
Thus, after he has five long ages liv'd,
The sacred phœnix of Arabia
Loadeth his wings with precious perfumes,
And on the altar of the golden sun
Offers himself a grateful sacrifice.
Long didst thou live, triumphant Bajazet,
A fear unto thy greatest enemies;
And now that Death, the conqueror of kings,
Dislodgèd hath thy never-dying soul,
To flee unto the heavens from whence she came,
And leave her frail, earthly pavilion—
Thy body—in this ancient monument,
Where our great predecessors sleep in rest;
[*Suppose the Temple of Mahomet.*

Thy woeful son Selimus thus doth place.
Thou wert the Phœnix of this age of ours,
And diedst wrappèd in the sweet perfumes
Of thy magnific deeds; whose lasting praise
Mounteth to highest heaven with golden wings.
Princes, come bear your emperor company
In, till the days of mourning be o'er-past,
And then we mean to rouse false Acomat
And cast him forth of Macedonia.

[*Exeunt all.*

Enter Hali, Cali, Corcut's Page, and one or two soldiers.

Page. My lords, if I bring you not where Corcut is, then let me be hanged, but if I deliver him up into your hands, then let me have the reward due to so good a deed.

Hali. Page, if thou shew us where thy master is,
Be sure thou shalt be honoured for the deed,
And high exalted above other men.

Enter Corcut and Bullithrumble.

Page. That same is he, that in disguisèd robes,
Accompanies yon shepherd to the fields.

Corcut. The sweet content that country life affords,
Passeth the royal pleasures of a King;
For there our joys are interlaced with fears,

But here no fear nor care is harbourèd,
But a sweet calm of a most quiet state.
Ah Corcut! would thy brother Selimus
But let thee live, here shouldst thou spend thy life;
Feeding thy sheep among these grassy lands:—
But sure I wonder where my page is gone.

Hali. Corcut.

Corcut. Ay me, who nameth me?

Hali. Hali, the governor of Magnesia.

Poor prince, thou thoughtest in these disguisèd weeds,
To mask unseen; and happily thou mightst,
But that thy page betrayèd thee to us.
And be not wrath with us, unhappy prince,
If we do what our sovereign commands:
'Tis for thy death that Selim sends for thee.

Cor. Thus I like poor Amphiaraus, sought
By hiding my estate in shepherd's coat
T' escape the angry wrath of Selimus.
But, as his wife false Eriphyle did
Betray his safety for a chain of gold,
So my false page hath vilely dealt with me;
Pray God that thou mayst prosper so as she.
Hali, I know thou sorrowest for my case,
But it is bootless; come and let us go,
Corcut is ready, since it must be so.

Cali. Shepherd.

Bulli. That 's my profession, sir.

Cali. Come, you must go with us.

Bulli. Who I? Alas, sir, I have a wife and seventeen cradles rocking, two ploughs going, two barns filling, and a great herd of beasts feeding; and you should utterly undo me, to take me to such a great charge.

Cali. Well, there is no remedy.

[*Exeunt all, but Bullithrumble stealing from them closely away.*

Bulli. The more's the pity. Go with you, quoth he, marry that had been the way to preferment—down Holborn, up Tyburn: well, I'll keep my best joint from the strappado as well as I can hereafter, I'll have no more servants. [*Exit running away.*

Enter Selimus, Sinam Bashaw, Mustaffa, and the Janissaries.

Sel. Sinam, we hear our brother Acomat
Is fled away from Macedonia,
To ask for aid of Persian Ismael,
And the Egyptian soldan our chief foes.

Sinam. Herein, my lord, I like his enterprise,
For if they give him aid, as sure they will,
Being your highness' vowèd enemies,
You shall have just cause for to war on them,
For giving succour 'gainst you, to your foe.
You know they are two mighty potentates,

And may be hurtful neighbours to your Grace;
And to enrich the Turkish diadem,
With two so worthy kingdoms as they are,
Would be eternal glory to your name.
Sel. By heaven, Sinam, th' art a warrior,
And worthy councillor unto a King.

Sound within. Enter Cali and Hali, with Corcut and his Page.

How now, what news?
Cali. My gracious Lord, we here present to you
Your brother Corcut; whom in Smyrna coasts,
Feeding a flock of sheep upon a down,
His traitrous page betrayèd to our hands.
Sel. Thanks, ye bold brethren; but for that false part
Let the vile page be famishèd to death.
Corcut. Selim, in this I see thou art a prince,
To punish treason with condign reward.
Sel. O sir! I love the fruit that treason brings,
But those that are the traitors, them I hate.
But Corcut, could not your philosophy
Keep you safe from my Janissaries' hands.
We thought you had old Gyges' wondrous ring,
That so you were invisible to us.
Cor. Selim, thou deal'st unkindly with thy brother,
To seek my death, and make a jest of me.
Upbraid'st thou me with my philosophy?
Why, this I learn'd by studying learnèd arts,

That I can bear my fortune as it falls,
And that I fear no whit thy cruelty;
Since thou wilt deal no otherwise with me
Than thou hast dealt with agèd Bajazet.
Sel. By heavens, Corcut, thou shall surely die,
For slandering Selim with my father's death.
Cor. Then let me freely speak my mind this once,
For thou shalt never hear me speak again.
Sel. Nay, we can give such losers leave to speak.
Cor. Then, Selim, hear thy brother's dying words,
And mark them well; for, ere thou die thyself,
Thou shalt perceive all things will come to pass,
That Corcut doth divine before his death.
Since my vain flight from fair Magnesia,
Selim, I have convers'd with Christians,
And learn'd of them the way to save my soul,
And please the anger of the highest God.
'Tis He that made this pure chrystaline vault
Which hangeth over our unhappy heads;
From thence He doth behold each sinner's fault;
And, though our sins under our feet He treads,
And for a while seem for to wink at us,
It is to recal us from our [ill] ways.
But if we do, like head-strong sons, neglect
To hearken to our loving Father's voice;
Then in His anger will He us reject,
And give us over to our wicked choice.
Selim, before His dreadful majesty,

There lies a book written with bloody lines,
Where our offences all are registred;
Which if we do not hastily repent,
We are reserv'd to lasting punishment.
Thou, wretched Selimus, hast greatest need
To ponder these things in thy secret thoughts;
If thou consider what strange massacres
And cruel murders thou hast caus'd be done.
Think on the death of woful Bajazet:
Doth not his ghost still haunt thee for revenge?
Selim, in Chiurlu didst thou set upon
Our agèd father in his sudden flight;
In Chiurlu shalt thou die a grievous death.
And if thou wilt not change thy greedy mind,
Thy soul shall be tormented in dark hell;
Where woe, and woe, and never-ceasing woe,
Shall sound about thy ever-damnèd soul.
Now, Selim, I have spoken, let me die:
I never will entreat thee for my life.
Selim, farewell: thou God of Christians,
Receive my dying soul into thy hands.

[*Strangles him.*

Sel. What, is he dead? Then Selimus is safe
And hath no more co-rivals in the crown.
For, as for Acomat, he soon shall see
His Persian aid cannot save him from me.
Now, Sinam, march to fair Amasia's walls,
—Where Acomat's stout Queen immures herself,—

And girt the city with a warlike siege;
For since her husband is my enemy,
I see no cause why she should be my friend.
They say young Amurath and Alladin,
Her bastard brood, are come to succour her.
But I'll prevent this their officiousness,
And send their souls down to their grandfather.
Mustaffa, you shall keep Byzantium,
While I and Sinam girt Amasia.
[*Exit Selimus, Sinam, Janissaries, all save one.*
Must. It grieves my soul that Bajazet's fair line,
Should be eclipsèd thus by Selimus;
Whose cruel soul will never be at rest
Till none remain of Ottoman's fair race
But he himself; yet for old Bajazet
Lovèd Mustaffa dear unto his death,
I will show mercy unto his family.
Go, sirra, post to Acomat's young sons,
And bid them as they mean to save their lives,
To fly in haste from fair Amasia,
Lest cruel Selim put them to the sword.
[*Exit one to Amurath and Alladin.*
And now, Mustaffa, prepare thou thy neck,
For thou art next to die by Selim's hands.
Stern Sinam Bashaw grudgeth still at thee,
And crabbèd Hali stormeth at thy life;
All repine that thou art honour'd so,
be the brother of their emperor.

Enter Solyma.

But wherefore comes my lovely Solyma?
Soly. Mustaffa, I am come to seek thee out;
If ever thy distressèd Solyma
Found grace and favour in thy manly heart,
Fly hence with me unto some desert land;
For if we tarry here we are but dead.
This night, when fair Lucina's shining wain
Was past the chair of bright Cassiopey,
A fearful vision appear'd to me.
Methought, Mustaffa, I beheld thy neck
So often folded in my loving arms,
In foul disgrace of Bashaw's fair degree,
With a vile halter basely compassèd;
And, while I pour'd my tears on thy dead corpse,
A greedy lion with wide-gaping throat
Seiz'd on my trembling body with his feet,
And in a moment rent me all to nought:
Fly, sweet Mustaffa, or we be but dead.
Must. Why should we fly, beauteous Solyma,
Mov'd by a vain and a fantastic dream?
Or if we did fly, whither should we fly?
If to the farthest part of Asia,
Know'st thou not, Solyma, kings have long hands?
Come, come, my joy, return again with me,
And banish hence these melancholy thoughts.
[*Ex*

Enter Alladin, Amurath, the messenger.

Alla. Messenger, is it true that Selimus
Is not far hence encampèd with his host?
And means he to disjoin the hapless sons
From helping our distressèd mother's town?
Mess. 'Tis true, my lord, and if you love your lives
Fly from the bounds of his dominions;
For he, you know, is most unmerciful.
Amur. Here, messenger, take this for thy reward.
[*Exit Messenger.*
But we, sweet Alladin, let us depart,
Now in the quiet silence of the night;
That, ere the windows of the Morn be ope,
We may be far enough from Selimus.
I 'll to Egyptus.
Alla. I to Persia. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Selimus, Sinam, Hali, Cali, Janissaries.

Sel. But is it certain, Hali, they are gone?
And that Mustaffa movèd them to fly?
Hali. Certain, my lord; I met the messenger
As he returnèd from young Alladin;
And learned of them, Mustaffa was the man
That certified the princes of your will.
Sel. It is enough: Mustaffa shall aby
At a dear price his pitiful intent.
[illegible], go fetch Mustaffa and his wife; [*Exit Hali.*

For though she be sister to Selimus,
Yet loves she him better than Selimus.
So that if he do die at our command,
And she should live, soon would she work a mean
To work revenge for her Mustaffa's death.

Enter Hali, Mustaffa and Solyma.

False of thy faith, and traitor to thy king,
Did we so highly alway honour thee,
And dost thou thus requite our love with treason?
For why shouldst thou send to young Alladin,
And Amurath, the sons of Acomat,
To give them notice of our secrecies,
Knowing they were my vowèd enemies?

Must. I do not seek to lessen my offence
Great Selimus, but truly do protest
I did it not for hatred of your Grace,
So help me God, and holy Mahomet;
But for I griev'd to see the famous stock
Of worthy Bajazet fall to decay;
Therefore, I sent the princes both away.
Your highness knows Mustaffa was the man
That sav'd you in the battle of Churlu,
When I and all the warlike janissaries
Had hedg'd your person in a dangerous ring.
Yet I took pity on your danger there,
And made a way for you to 'scape by flight.
But those your Bashaws have incensèd you,

Repining at Mustaffa's dignity.
Stern Sinam grinds his angry teeth at me,
Old Hali's sons do bend their brows at me,
And are aggrievèd that Mustaffa hath
Showèd himself a better man than they.
And yet the janissaries mourn for me;
They know Mustaffa never provèd false:
Ay, I have been as true to Selimus
As ever subject to his sovereign;
So help me God, and holy Mahomet!

Sel. You did it not because you hated us,
But for you lov'd the sons of Acomat.
Sinam, I charge thee quickly strangle him;
He loves not me that loves mine enemies.
As for your holy protestation,
It cannot enter into Selim's ears:
For why, Mustaffa? every merchant-man
Will praise his own ware be it ne'er so bad.

Soly. For Solyma's sake, mighty Selimus,
Spare my Mustaffa's life, and let me die;
Or if thou wilt not be so gracious,
Yet let me die before I see his death.

Sel Nay, Solyma, your self shall also die,
Because you may be in the selfsame fault.
Why stay'st thou, Sinam? strangle him I say.

[*Sinam strangles him.*

Soly. Ah Selimus! he made thee emperor,
And wilt thou thus requite his benefits?

Thou art a cruel tiger and no man,
That couldst endure to see before thy face
So brave a man as my Mustaffa was
Cruelly strangled for so small a fault.
Sel. Thou shalt not live after him, Solyma.
'Twere pity thou shouldst want the company
Of thy dear husband: Sinam, strangle her:
And now to fair Amasia let us march.
Acomat's wife, and her unmanly host,
Will not be able to endure our sight,
Much less make strong resistance in hard fight.
[*Exeunt.*

Enter Acomat, Tonombey, Vizier, Regan, and their soldiers.

Aco. Welcome, my lords, into my native soil;
The crown whereof by right is due to me,
Though Selim by the janissaries choice,
Through usurpation keep the same from me.
You know contrary to my father's mind,
He was enthronized by the Bashaws' will,
And, after his installing, wickedly
By poison made good Bajazet to die.
And strangled Corcut, and exilèd me.
These injuries we come for to revenge,
And raise his siege from fair Amasia walls.
Ton. Prince of Amasia, and the rightful heir
Unto the mighty Turkish diadem;

With willing heart great Tonombey hath left
Egyptian Nilus and my father's court,
To aid thee in thy undertaken war;
And by the great Usan-Cassano's ghost,
Companion unto mighty Tamberlaine,
From whom my father lineally descends;
Fortune shall shew herself too cross to me,
But we will thrust Selimus from his throne,
And re-vest Acomat in the empery.

Aco. Thanks to thee, uncontrollèd Tonombey!
But let us haste us to Amasia,
To succour my besiegèd citizens.
None but my queen is overseer there,
And too too weak is all her policy,
Against so great a foe as Selimus. [*Exeunt all.*

Enter Selimus, Sinam, Hali, Cali, and the Janissaries.

Sel. Summon a parley, sirs, that we may know
Whether these mushrooms here will yield or no.

A parley: Queen of Amasia and her soldiers on the walls.

Queen. What cravest thou, thou bloodthirsty parricide?
Is 't not enough that thou hast foully slain
Thy loving father, noble Bajazet?
And strangled Corcut, thine unhappy brother?
Slain brave Mustaffa? and fair Solyma?

Because they favoured my unhappy sons,
But thou must yet seek for more massacres?
Go, wash thy guilty hands in luke-warm blood;
Enrich thy soldiers with robberies;
Yet do the heavens still bear an equal eye,
And vengeance follows thee even at the heels.

Sel. Queen of Amasia, wilt thou yield thyself?

Queen. First shall the overflowing Eurïpus
Of swift Eubœa stop his restless course,
And Phœb's bright globe bring the day from the West,
And quench his hot flames in the Eastern sea.
The bloody sword, ungracious Selimus,
Sheath'd in the bowels of thy dearest friend;
Thy wicked guard which still attends on thee,
Fleshing themselves in murder, lust, and rape;
What hope of favour? what security?
Rather what death do they not promise me?
Then think not, Selimus, that we will yield,
But look for stronger resistance at our hands.

Sel. Why then, you never-daunted janissaries,
Advance your shields and uncontrollèd spears;
Your conquering hands in foemen's blood embay,
For Selimus himself will lead the way.

[*Alarum, beats them off the walls. Alarum.*

Enter Selimus, Sinam, Hali, Cali, Janissaries with Acomat's Queen prisoner.

Sel. Now, sturdy dame, where are your men of war

To guard your person from my angry sword?
What? though [you] brav'd us on your city-walls,
Like to that Amazonian Menalip,
Leaving the banks of swift-stream'd Thermodon
To challenge combat with great Hercules;
Yet Selimus hath plucked your haughty plumes;
Nor can your spouse rebellious Acomat,
Nor Alladin, nor Amurath your sons,
Deliver you from our victorious hands.

Queen. Selim, I scorn thy threatnings as thy self;
And though ill hap hath given me to thy hands,
Yet will I never beg my life of thee.
Fortune may chance to frown as much on thee;
And Acomat whom thou dost scorn so much,
May take thy base Tartarian concubine,
As well as thou hast took his loyal queen.
Thou hast not Fortune tièd in a chain,
Nor dost thou like a wary pilot sit,
And wisely stir this all-containing barge.
Thou art a man as those whom thou hast slain,
And some of them were better far than thou.

Sel. Strangle her, Hali, let her scold no more.
Now let us march to meet with Acomat;
He brings with him that great Egyptain bug,
Strong Tonombey, Usan-Cassano's son.
But we shall soon with our fine-tempered swords
Engrave our prowess on their burganets;
Were they as mighty and as fell of force

As those old earth-bred brethren, which once
Heap'd hill on hill to scale the starry sky,
When Briareus, arm'd with a hundreth hands,
Flung forth a hundreth mountains at great Jove;
And when the monstrous giant Monichus
Hurled mount Olympus at great Mars his targe,
And darted cedars at Minerva's shield.

[*Exeunt all.*

Alarum. Enter Selimus, Sinam, Cali, Hali, and the Janissaries, at one door, and Acomat, Tonombey, Regan, Vizier, and their soldiers at another.

Sel. What, are the urchins crept out of their dens,
Under the conduct of this porcupine?
Dost thou not tremble, Acomat, at us,
To see how courage masketh in our looks,
And white-wing'd victory sits on our swords?
Captain of Egypt, thou that vaunt'st thyself
Sprung from great Tamberlaine the Scythian thief,
Who bade thee enterprise this bold attempt,
To set thy feet within the Turkish confines,
Or lift thy hand against our majesty?

Aco. Brother of Trebizond, your squarèd words
And broad-mouth'd terms can never conquer us.
We come resolv'd to pull the Turkish crown,
Which thou dost wrongfully detain from me,
By conquering sword, from off thy coward crest.

Sel. Acomat, sith the quarrel toucheth none
But thee and me, I dare, and challenge thee.
Ton. Should he accept the combat of a boy?
Whose unripe years and far unriper wit,
Like to the bold fool-hardy Phaeton
That sought to rule the chariot of the sun,
Hath mov'd thee t' undertake an empery.
Sel. Thou that resolvest in peremptory terms
To call him boy that scorns to cope with thee—
(But thou canst better use thy bragging blade,
Than thou canst rule thy overflowing tongue:)
Soon shalt thou know that Selim's mighty arm
Is able to overthrow poor Tonombey.

Alarum. Tonombey beats Hali and Cali in. Selim beats Tonombey in. Alarum. Enter Tonombey.

Ton. The field is lost, and Acomat is taken:
Ah Tonombey, how canst thou shew thy face
To thy victorious sire, thus conquerèd?
A matchless knight is warlike Selimus,
And, like a shepherd 'mongst a swarm of gnats,
Dings down the flying Persians with their swords.
Twice I encountred with him, hand to hand,
And twice returnèd foilèd and asham'd.
For never yet, since I could manage arms,
Could any match with mighty Tonombey
But this heroic Emperor Selimus.

Why stand I still, and rather do not fly
The great occasion which the victors make?
[*Exit Tonombey.*

Alarum. Enter Selimus, Sinam Bashaw, with Acomat prisoner, Hali, Cali, Janissaries.

Sel. Thus, when the coward Greeks fled to their ships,
The noble Hector all besmear'd in blood
Return'd in triumph to the walls of Troy.
A gallant trophy, Bashaws, have we won,
Beating the never-foilèd Tonombey,
And hewing passage through the Persians,—
As when a lion rav'ning for his prey,
Falleth upon a drove of hornèd bulls,
And rends them strongly in his kingly paws;
Or Mars arm'd in his adamantine coat,
Mounted upon his fiery-shining Wain,
Scatters the troops of warlike Thracians,
And warms cold Hebrus with hot streams of blood.
Brave Sinam, for thy noble prisoner,
Thou shall be general of my janissaries;
And Belierby of fair Natolia.
Now Acomat, thou monster of the world,
Why stoop'st thou not with reverence to thy king?

Aco. Selim, if thou have gotten victory,
Then use it to thy contentation.
If I had conquer'd, know assuredly

I would have said as much and more to thee.
Know I disdain them, as I do thy self,
And scorn to stoop or bend my lordly knee
To such a tyrant as is Selimus.
Thou slew'st my queen without regard or care,
Of love or duty, or thine own good name.
Then, Selim, take that which thy hap doth give;
Disgra'ct, displa'ct, I longer loathe to live.
Sel. Then, Sinam, strangle him: now he is dead,
Who doth remain to trouble Selimus?
Now I am King alone, and none but I;
For since my father's death until this time
I never wanted some competitors.
Now as the weary wand'ring traveller
That hath his steps guided through many lands,
Through boiling soil of Africa and Ind,
When he returns into his native home,
Sits down among his friends, and with delight
Declares the travels he hath overpast;
So mayst thou, Selimus, for thou hast trod
The monster-guarded paths that lead to crowns.
Ha! ha! I smile to think how Selimus
Like the Egyptian Ibis hath expelled
Those swarming armies of swift-wingèd snakes,
That sought to overrun my territories.
When soultring heat the Earth's green children spoils,
From forth the fens of venomous Africa

The generation of those flying snakes
Do band themselves in troops, and take their way
To Nilus' bounds; but those industrious birds,
Those Ibises meet them less in set array,
And eat them up like to a swarm of gnats,
Preventing such a mischief from the Land.
But see, how unkind Nature deals with them;
From out their eggs rises the basilisk,
Whose only sight kills millions of men.
When Acomat lifted his ungracious hands
Against my agèd father Bajazet,
They sent for me, and I like Egypt's bird
Have rid that monster, and his fellow-mates.
But as from Ibis springs the basilisk,
Whose only touch burneth up stones and trees;
So Selimus hath prov'd a cocatrice,
And clean consumèd all the family
Of noble Ottoman, except himself.
And now to you my neighbour emperors,
That durst lend aid to Selim's enemies,
Sinam, those soldans of the Orient,
Egypt and Persia, Selimus will quell,
Or he himself will sink to lowest hell.
This Winter will we rest and breathe ourselves,
But soon as Zephyrus' sweet-smelling blast
Shall gently creep over the flowery meads,
We 'll have a fling at the Egyptian crown,
And join it unto ours, or lose our own. [*Exeunt.*

Conclusion.

Thus have we brought victorious Selimus
Unto the crown of great Arabia ;
Next, shall you see him with triumphant sword,
Dividing kingdoms into equal shares,
And give them to his warlike followers.
If this first part, Gentles, do like you well,
The second part shall greater murthers tell.

FINIS

GLOSSARY AND NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS

As in all the Series, the spelling is modernised in the text

I. WORDS

ABROACH, 244, flowing.

ADAMANT, 48, an unconquerable heart. No reference to magnet, or loadstone, or diamond. Cf. Ezek. iii. 8. Subsidiarily there is the idea of 'unfeeling.' Macaulay has the phrase of Titus Oates: 'An unblushing forehead, a smooth lying tongue, and a heart of adamant' (*History*, chap. xviii.).

ADAMANTINE COAT, 2498, clad in strongest coat-of-mail, and so invulnerable.

AGE, LAST, Prologue, 4. Millennial expectations have always abounded among theologians and the vulgar. How often in England and in Germany have wise fools pronounced the passing to be certainly the worst and most surely the 'last age' of the world—a world in its mere infancy! The Harvey astrological-astronomical prophetic books convulsed England; yet sorrier rubbish is inconceivable.

ALAS! ALAS! 263, merely interjectional, with manifestly no touch of grief or pity.

ALCORAN, 1171, *Al-Koran*, 'the Reading,' or code of Islam.

ALPHABET OF FACES, 1900. I suppose Bullithrumble meant, with as many changes of expression on the face as there are characters or letters in the alphabet.

ANTIDOTUS, 502, one of the tadpole forms like antidotium (long in use) for our antidote or remedy.

ARE, 398. We would have written 'art.'

ARMSTRONG, 1668, strong-of-arm. Latin *armipotens*, from *arma*, arms, armour, or *armi*, arms. See our Preface.

ARTIFICIAL, 449, by art not nature, forced not felt.

ASTROLABES, 431, any instrument for taking the altitude of any heavenly body: here, a planisphere. Dryden spells 'as'rolabe' in poem on death of Lord Hastings (v. 45):—

> 'Liv'd Tycho now, struck with this ray which shone
> More bright i' the morn than others' beam at noon,
> He'd take his as'rolabe, and seek out here
> What new star 'twas did gild our hemisphere.'

ASSAYS, AT ALL, 70, at all hazards, or in all trials. So Heywood in *Troia Britannica* (1609), 'I will freely serve at all *assays*.' So, too, Stubbes, in *Two Wonderful and Rare Examples* (1581), 'Which thing we ought at all *assays* to lothe and to abhorre.'

AY ME, 2059. 'Ay mi'=Portuguese 'Ay di mi'=O mi Deus, my God; *not* 'Yes, me—who wants me?' but feeling of, 'Woe's me—I am caught.'

BARDED, 1922, covered with defensive armour: old French *barde*, horse-armour. So Scott: '*barded* with frontlet of steel, I trow' (*Lay of the Last Minstrel*, I. v.).

BASSA, 51, Bashaw, and so printed in our text. Cf. *pacha* or *pasha*, Turkish officer, and sometimes ruler.

BATTELOUS, 158, in battle array, or ready for battle, and so combative. It is spelled 'battalouse' in *Byron's Tragedy* as quoted by Meres:—

'Holds firm his stand
Of *battalouse* bristles' (of a boar).

BUT WHAT MUST BE, 119. Cf. Marlowe's *Faustus*, I. i.:—

'What doctrine call you this?
Che sara sara.
What will be, shall be.'

Motto of the Russells.

BEST, 364, misprinted 'rest' in the original.

BRIGANDINES, 1932 (French), light-armed soldiers; but the text implies naval service, and so should have been spelled 'brigantines,' *i.e.* pirate ships, as in Marlowe (I *Tamburlaine*, iii. 3), 'the galleys and the pilling [piratical plundering] brigandines.' Cf. Macaulay's *History*, chap. xxv.

BRIGHT, 492, example of substantive use as in Milton later (*Paradise Lost*, iii. 380), 'dark with excessive *bright*.'

CAPTAIN, 1214, misprinted 'captive in *Works*.

CAREFUL, 44, full of care. So 'O full of careful business are his looks' (*Richard II.*, ii. 75); 'him that raised me to this *careful* height' (*Richard III.*, I. iii. 83), *et frequenter*.

CARKE, 33, care, but here by stress of rhyme. John Taylor (*Works*, 1630) distinguishes it from simple 'care': 'men labour with much care and *cark*,' *i.e.* care, and fretting over it. Burns, in his *Cotter's Saturday Night*, had originally 'kiagh' for 'cark.'

CAST, 379, astrological term, as to 'cast nativities.'

CERTIFY, 196, inform.

CHARACTER, Prologue, 9, inscribe, strongly infix. So in *As You Like It* (III. ii. 6), 'in these barks my thoughts I'll *character*.'

CHARACTERING, 56, inscribing.

CHIVALRY, 392, cavalry, perhaps with a sub-idea of the knighthood high spirit. Campbell's *Hohenlinden* has it, 'charge with all thy *chivalry*'—a mouth-filling word.

CLEAN, 669, 1613, totally.

CLOSELY, 2087, secretly, covertly.

COMET, 654, 1789, astrological belief.

COMMANDMENTS, 1878, ten fingers, with sharp nails. Common use in Scotland.

COMPLOTS, 1735, evil plottings and conspiracies. See our Preface for parallels in *Titus Andronicus*.

CONFINES, 959, frontiers or boundaries.

CONSORT, 179, take a wife or consort. See context.

CORSIVE, 534, corrosive.

CRAMUK, 1901. Nares gives 'camock' as=crooked (tree or beam), with various quotations. He thinks 'cramock' to be a mis-spelling for 'camock.' So 'cramuk' may be. Here, evidently=perverse, contrary, cantankerous.

CRISS-CROSS, 1902, Christ-cross-row, *i.e.* horn-book, wherein the letters were arranged in the form of a Latin cross, with A at the top and Z at the bottom. See Tickell's *Hornbook*, and Tuer's monumental work for abundant lore.

CROCODILUS, 1851. Cf. 'Antidotus.'

CROSBITER, 1951, swindler. *Henry VI.*, v. 1. Greene's raciest and most manners-painting books are dedicated to exposure of their tricks and rogueries.

DECK, 1540, pack of cards (a favourite word with Bret Harte's Californian gamblers). So—

> 'But while he thought to steal the single ten,
> The King was slily fingered from the *deck*.'

DESCRY, 14, discover or reveal—'What's past and what's to come, she can *descry*' (*Henry VI.*, I. ii. 57). More than simply to observe or behold.

DIE, 82, throw of a die, dice. Cf. Spenser (*Faerie Queene*, II. v. 13)—

> 'Th equall *die* of warre he well did know.'

DINGS, 2478, dashes down. An illustrious use of the word is found in Drayton's great ballad of *Agincourt*:—

> 'Then while our noble king,
> His broad-sword brandishing,
> Down the French host did *ding*.'

DISEASE, 460, unrest, trouble.

DITION, 312, power, dominion. 'Lords of the *dition* of Kersel in the Dutchy of Gelderlandht' (Wood's *Athen. Oxon.*). The text is much earlier. So *ditionary*, tributary.

DREERIMENT, 1295, sorrow. So Spenser (*Faerie Queene*, I. ii. 44):—

> 'Full of red feare and ghastly *dreriment*.'

So, too, in *Epithalamion*, v. 10.

EARERS, 1366, tillers. Misprinted 'honours' in the original.

ECHINÆIS, 459, would not scan as 'echinus.'

EVEN, 1015, read 'e'en.'

EMBAY, 829, embathe. So Spenser (*Faerie Queene*, I. ix. 13)—

> 'While every sence the humour sweet *embay'd*.'

EMPERY, 608, empire. Frequent in Elizabethans, and Milton later.

ENTERPRISE, 606, 617, undertake.

EXEQUEY, 1262, funeral and attendant rites. Latin, *exsequiæ*.

EXTENT, 21, extension.

FAITOUR (in original), 1465, traitor, malefactor; 'down, down dogs! down *faitours*' (2 *Henry IV.*, II. iv.).

FEAR, 340. So Richard Bame said of Christopher Marlowe, 'that the first beginning of religion was only to keep man in awe.' Note too what follows, that 'Moyses was but a juggler, and that one Heriots can do more than he.' One wishes to know who this 'negromancer' Heriots was.

FELONIANS, 1943, wicked, malignant: here simply suspected to be thieves.

FELL, 2431, cruel, fierce. *Scoticè* still = wonderfully: 'he's *fell* wise.'

FET, 560. Cf. *Henry V.*, Act III. Sc. I., 'Whose blood is *fet* from fathers of war proof,' and Marlowe, 'Like fire from heaven *fet*' (*Hero and Leander*).

FLASHING, 1770, query slashing?

FLESH, FLESHING, 1043, 2391, excite —perhaps with an idea of 'commencing.'

FOR TO, 249, 347, 582, 592, 1089, 1313, 1402, 1445, 1730, 2153, 2348.

FORGED, Prologue, 1, framed, invented.

FORAGING, 486, query = foraying, ravaging, invading for plunder?

FOUND, 343, founded.

FRONT, 275, forelock, as in old Emblem-books. See 'Occasion.'

GARDEN-MONSTER, 2530. I print monster-guarded. The allusion may be to the gardens of Hesperides guarded by dragons. Cf. also Genesis iii. 24.

GENTLES, Prologue, 2, 2571, gentlemen. 'Gentles, methinks you frown' (*Taming a Shrew*, III. ii. 95). *Scoticè* still for well-born.

GORE-BLOOD, 565, 1380, clotted mass of blood.

GRACE, YOUR, 971. 'Your grace' was the common title for the Kings of England, 'your majesty' having been assumed only by Henry VIII.; but the two titles were long concurrent (Froude, iii. 53). So 'your highness,' 973. Applied to the huge and 'majestic' King Hal, it was rightly applied, but it becomes grotesque in many cases of diminutive stature.

GRATULATES, 973, congratulates.

GRAVE DUST, 499. We would perhaps write 'grave-dust.' Seems to support the text in *Macbeth*, 'have lighted fools the way to *dusty* death,' instead of 'dusky.'

GROOM, 1235, young man, lad.

GYRE, 1490, ring, revolution.

HARBINGERS, 156, fore-runners.

HEARTLESS, 420, cowardly.

HOLT, 135, hold; but usually 'woody hill.'

HOP, 104, limp, halt; *i.e.* go haltingly, but a mean word.

HUGY, 1765, huge. Cf. 'loftie.' So in Marlowe, and also in Dryden.

HUNGRY DINNER, 1941, dinner for hungry. Spenser abounds in this peculiar construction.

HURTLE, HURTLING, 544, 1491, hurl, dash. Spenser spells 'hirtle' (*Faerie Queene*, II. vii. 42).

IBIS, 2532. Sir Thomas Browne, in his *Vulgar Errors*, has quaint lore and chat on this (*Works*, by Wilkins, ii. 421).

INJURIOUS, INJURIOUSLY, 1096, 1363, unjustly.

INSOLENTNESS, 822, early form of 'insolence.'

INTENT, 19, 752, intention.

JANISSARIES, 406; *i.e.* janizaries, soldiers of the old Turkish foot-guard. Bacon has the word (*Essays*, of Empire).

JOHN, SIR, 1894, reverend. It is odd, in reading old parish registers, to come on so many seeming knights. *Sir Hugh*, *Sir Topas*, *Sir Oliver Martext*, *Sir Nathaniel* (Shakespeare) — name for secular priests who had not taken the Master's degree at the university.

LARGITION, 813, largess or gift.
LATEST, 65, last resting-place.
LEESING, 63, losing *not* leasing=(in original) lying.
LETS, Prologue, 12, hindrances, obstacles.
LETS, 749, hinders.
LEWD, 1773, spelled in original 'leaud'=rustic. Robert of Bourne said of his great poem:

> 'For *lewde* men y undertok
> On Englyshe tunge to mak this boke.'

Cf. Acts xvii. 5 (A.V.), *i.e.* common, from 'leod,' the people. The word has sadly degenerated.
LIKE, 289=I regard and liken?
LORDING, lordings, 199, 753, 1832=lords. Not here a diminutive, or in ridicule, 'Room, *lordings*, for Lord Marmion' (*Marmion*, I. xii.).
LUCKLESS, 172, unhappy.

MISCONSTERS, 181, misconstrues.

NEGROMANCY, 1696, black art—play on negro? (Greek *νεκρομαντεία*.)
NUMBER, NUMBERLESS, 58, a commonplace of Elizabethans.
NUTRIMENTED, 1979, nourished.

OBSERVATIONS, 339, observances, Bain's *Higher English Grammar*, p. 330.
OBSTANT, Prologue, 12, opposing.
OCCASION, 275, 'Rem tene, post Occasio calva.'
ONLY NAME, 185, 2545, his name alone, or on mere rumour of him.
ORBS TEN-FOLD CRYSTAL, 1441. For the Ptolemaic scheme of the heavens, see the woodcut in Masson's *Milton* (Globe series), p. 28, with the explanations.
OVER GONE, 276, gone away, departed.
OVER-SLIPT, 880, neglected, omitted.
OWED, spelled 'ought' in the original, 658.

PEIRSANT, 1334, penetrative.
PITTERING, 505—more expressive than 'pattering,'=shrilliah noise. Herrick applies it to the sound emitted by the grasshopper.
PLATFORM, 1680, ground-plan. So Marlowe (*Dido Queen of Carthage*, Act v. Sc. ii.), 'When I was laying a *platform* for these walls.'
PLAUDITE, 208, applause. 'Valete et plaudite' of the Latin drama='Farewell and grant us your applause.'
PORTAGUES, 1997, Portuguese coin. See Nares, III. v.
PRATLING SHADE, 286, shade for prattle or talk. See under 'hungry.'

RAM, 693, homely but Homeric.
REACHES, 191, a reach is a straight space in a river between one point and another (metaphorical use).
REBUTTED, 1098, repulsed.
REGIMENT, 17, 803, government, sovereign rule. 'The adulterous Antony . . . gives his potent *regiment* to a trull' (*Antony and Cleopatra*, III. vi.). A famous historical and unlucky use of it was in title-page of John Knox's book on the 'Monstrous *Regement* of Wemen' (1558).
REMORSELESS, 1480, without remorse or compassion.
RIVERETS, 1307, little rivers or rivulets.

ROAD, 467, place for ships riding at anchor. So *Merchant of Venice*, I. i.—

'Peering in maps for ports and *roads*.'

ROUZE, 2034, wake up, startle—a deer-hunting term as in Greene's *George a-Greene*. *Scoticè* in Burns's *Lea-rig*: 'To *rouse* the mountain deer, my jo.'

RUNNAGATE, 107, 513, fugitive—not necessarily a renegade in bad sense.

RUINATE, 150, 878, ruin.

SAMINES, 1960. At first and even second reading this word puzzled me, and erudite Shakespearean correspondents could make nothing of it. I suggest rustic pronunciation (clipped) of *examines*=scrutinises.

SECRETLY (parenthetical) or—query secrecy? 858.

SERVITORS, 1983, servants—spelled 'servitures' in the original.

SHREW, 1882, pronounced 'shrow' to rhyme with 'blow.'

SNAKE, 29. So 'A Snake in the Grass' of a famous title-page.

SOCIETY, OF PUDDINGS, 1987, a mere nonsense phrase.

SOLDAN, 166, sultan.

SOPHI, 49, *i.e.* sofi, title of the emperor or shah of Persia. So *Merchant of Venice*, II. i.—

'If this scimitar
That slew the *sophi* and a Persian prince.'

SOPHISTER, 893, sophist, fallacious arguer.

SOULTRING, sultry or sweltering, 2535. So Clavell in *Recantation* (1634), 'melts, drops, soulters, and consumes away.'

STARS, 1774. Not a merely starless night, but the Greater or Lesser Bear to steer by, as in Milton's lines in *Comus*:

'Thou shalt be our *star* of Arcady
Or Tyrian cynosure.'

STENT, 1778, stent or stop. *Scoticè*= a given quantity or piece of task-work, as in Robert Fergusson's charming *Farmer's Ingle*—prototype of Burns's *Cotter's Saturday Night*—'Her eenin *stent* reels she as weel's the lave' (St. ix). He also uses it as a verb *frequenter*. So Burns's *Mary Morison*, 'Yestreen as to the *stented* string'=the tuning completed by its being drawn tight.

SURQUEDRY, 739, arrogance, insolence, but here luxurious indulgence or gratification of appetite.

SWEET, 230, an abundantly used adjective in Elizabethan writers, so that Shakespeare's use of it to Southampton or Pembroke, *i.e.* to men, is in nowise exceptional or indicative of unhallowed passion.

TALENTS, 1887, talons.

TANTARA, 320, onomatopœia, 'At tuba terribili sonitu *taratantara* dixit' (Ennius).

'TENCE, 1952, pretence.

TENEBRIOUS, 134, dark, gloomy, from Latin. Young has it (*Night Thoughts*, ix. 969)—

'Were moon and stars for villains only made,
To guide yet screen them with *tenebrious* light.'

THRILLANT, 1784, misprinted 'chrillant' in the original=thrilling, piercing. So Spenser (*Faerie Queene*, II. iv. 46.)—

'With that, one of his *thrillant* darts he threw.'

TIRING, 668, 1345: a term of fal-

conry, from the French *tirer*, to drag or pull, really an early form of 'tearing.' Shakespeare has it (3 *Henry VI.*, I. i.), 'Like an empty eagle *tire* on the flesh of me and of my son,' and again (*Venus and Adonis*), 'Even as an emptie eagle, sharpely fast, Tires with her beake on feather, flesh and bone.'

To-fore, 1129, before. See our Preface for its appearance in *Titus Andronicus*, III. i.—

> 'Farewell Lavinia, my noble sister,
> O that thou wert as thou *tofore* hast been!'

Tov, Prologue, 1—'a trifle for a *toy*, a thing of no regard . . . destroy'd me' (1 *Henry VI.*, IV. i. 145).

Transfreight, 1929, here=transfer. Etymologically a corruption of 'transfrete,' from French *transfréter*, after Latin *transfreto*, to pass over a strait or narrow sea.

Uneath, 375, uneasily.

Unmanured, 381, misprinted in *Works* 'unnatured'=untilled, uncultivated.

Unplacable, Prologue, 10, corruption of 'implacable.'

Unrip, 12. Cf. '*unrip'dst*, the bowels of the sovereign's son' (*Richard III.*, I. iv. 212).

Unwieldy, 1647, ponderous, and so not easily borne.

Urchins, 2443; hedgehogs—metaphorically used. See 'porcupine' in next line.

Valiance, 74, valour. So *Faerie Queene*, II. iii. 14.

Valures, valours, 182.

Vermeil, 744, vermilion. Wordsworth has it (*White Doe*, ii.), 'In *vermeil* colours and in gold,' fetched no doubt from Milton (*Comus*, 752), 'A *vermeil* tinctured lip.' Here=bloody.

Vildly, 872, vilely. So Spenser (*Faerie Queene*, I. i. 20), 'stunk so *vildly*.'

Walls, Princes, 15-16. Cf. Ecclesiastes x. 20.

Wasters, 1879, cudgelling waster, meaning cudgel. So Thomas Churchyard (*Challenge*):—

> 'And suddenly a stout cobler will lay down the *waster* and yield to him that hath more practice.'

Whereas, 1271, whereat or whereupon.

Why, for, 2313, because. Ignorance of this meaning has led that detestable class of editors, hymn-tinkerers, to alter Kethe's old version of Psalm c., '*For why* the Lord our God is good,' into 'For He the Lord,' etc. Chaucer has it, 'He saw me not *for why* he hung his head adown' (*Book of Duchesse*); and yet these dunderpates pronounce it a Scotticism!

Will, 810, wile—in original 'will.'

Wizard, 286, wise man.

Worthy, 993, deserved. See under 'hungry' and 'pratling.'

Wreak, 272, reck or reckon. '*Wreaks* to find the way to heaven.'—*As You Like It* (First Folio). Spelled 'wreake' in original.

II. PROPER NAMES

Familiar classical and apocryphal names are not noticed.

AMASIA, 970, city of Pontus; the birthplace of Mithridates and the residence of the Kings of Pontus.

AMPHIARAUS, 2067. Spelled in the original 'Ampharaus.' The meaning is, both were eager to hide their condition. There seems no warrant for the legend of the text in the history of Amphiaraus, and it is possible that Sir Philip Sidney's Amphialus (*Arcadia*) was intended.

ANTHROPOPHAGI, 1421, cannibals. Shakespeare has it (*Othello*, I. iii. 144), '*Anthropophagi* and men whose heads Do grow beneath their shoulders.' Cf. *Merry Wives of Windsor*, IV. v. 10.

ANTAEUS, 1560, Antæos of Greek mythology, slain by Hercules as noted in the text. The allusion is a classical commonplace—the giant renewing his exhausted strength by the very overthrows that caused him again and again to 'touch' the earth.

ARMENIAN TIGER, 1137, haunting the North Highlands of the gigantic plain of Irán and the fastnesses of Ararat.

AVICENNA, 1694, misprinted in the original 'Auicemaes : so in 1716, 'enuemomd.'

BAJAZET, IN CAGE, 1751—the well-known historic humiliation and cruelty.

BRIAREUS, 2434, Briareos (Greek)—the fabled giant who had fifty heads and a hundred hands.

BYZANTIUM, 806, Constantinople, as capital of the Byzantine empire.

CHIURLU, 2171, 2173: Churlu, 2291. Query Cairo? or possibly Chaukab, near Cairo, where Selim pitched his camp before the battle (usually called the battle of Radania) which decided the fall of Cairo (1517)?

CYTHERA, 741, Aphrodite: so called from the island on the coast of Laconia, where the goddess rose from the sea, in the myth.

DAMOCLES, 855, the sycophant of Dionysius the elder of Syracuse, who was subjected to the trial of the text when set down to a sumptuous banquet.

DEMOGORGON, 1319, an appalling deity of the Himalayas, whose very name was a terror. Hence Milton (*Paradise Lost*, ii. 965) has 'the dreaded name of Demogorgon.' The oddity is that so terrible a god should be king of the tiny elves or fairies.

DIMOTICUM, 1665, Demitoka, the birthplace of Bajazet II.

ECHINUS, 459, sea-hedgehog—a favourite reference with Greene. See Glossary, 'Echinæis.'

ERIPHYLE, 2070, daughter of Talaus and Lysimache and wife of Amphiaraus (as before), whom she

betrayed for the sake of a necklace from Harmonia.

ERINNYS, 1321, goddess of vengeance, one of the Greek furies. Misprinted 'Erymnies.'

EURIPUS, 2384, a narrow strait, dividing Eubœa from the mainland of Greece. It is characteristic of Greene's carelessness, spite of his M.A. of 'both Universities,' to have here the false quantity of 'Euripus,' as of 'Thermŏdon' (2407). False quantities were not uncommon with Elizabethans, *e.g.* Marlowe has 'Euphrātes' just as Greene has Titus Andronicus. Even Milton has 'Bellĕrus' (*Lycidas*) and 'Serāpis' and 'Seleucia.' Every one knows Shakespeare's 'Hyperion' (*Hamlet*).

GYGES, 2126, the Lydian to whom Candaules showed his *wife* naked. Plato has the strange myth of the ring that conferred invisibility. In the *Fair Maid of the Inn* (I. i., Beaumont and Fletcher) it is referred to as in the text—

> 'Why did you think that you had Gyges' ring
> Or the herb [fern-seed] that gives invisibility?'

HEBE, 1674, goddess of youth, and cup-bearer to the heavenly gods.

HEBRUS, 2501, principal river of Thrace. Misprinted 'Hebras' in the original.

HYRCANIAN, 1238, a province of Asia. Am. Marcel. (xxiii. 6) tells of these tigers. So too Mela, iii. 5. Cf. *Æneid*, iv. 367 *sq.* See 'Armenian.'

IXION, 427, the King of the Lapithae, who, purged by Zeus of his guilt of murder—he is a sort of Cain—ventured to desire Juno, but was deluded by her into embracing a cloud to which she had given her semblance. He boasted of his success ('kissed and told'), and was doomed to the everlasting revolving wheel.

LATONA'S SON, 41, the sun, *i.e.* Apollo, Diana or the moon being her other child.

LYSANDER, 1733. Commander of the Spartan fleet, B.C. 407, friend of Cyrus the Younger: defeated the Athenians at Aegospotami in B.C. 404. In his combination of daring and cunning he boasted of 'ekeing out the lion's skin with the fox's.'

MAGNESIA, 992, either in Lydia or in Caria, but Greene may have meant Magnesia in Thessaly. His geography was often vague, as was Shakespeare's.

MAHOUND, 90, 246, 685; contemptuous yet semi-awed name for Mahomet. Spenser has it several times. 'Oft-times by Termagant and *Mahound* swore' (*Faerie Queene*, vii. 47). Cf. Mahu in *King Lear*, IV. i. *Scotici*=the Devil, as in Dunbar's *Dance of the Seven Deadly Sins*.

MAHOMET'S TOMB, 1171. As there was nothing 'wonderful' in the 'tomb' of Mahomet itself, Greene doubtless had in his thoughts the myth, so long of being exploded, that the pseudo-prophet's coffin was suspended in mid-air without any visible supports. Unlike the shrewd member of the Royal Society who met Charles II.'s waggish query of the fish and bowl of water, Science was invoked to ex-

plain the miracle-seeming phenomenon, and did so to its satisfaction, until it was discovered that neither by magnets nor otherwise was the coffin suspended, but lay on the floor.

MAMELUKES, 1850, spelled in the original 'Mammalukes.' From Arabic *mamluc*, a slave. The name was given to the slaves of the Beys brought from the Caucasus and formed into a standing army. One of the sights of Cairo still is the scene of the wholesale massacre of the Mamelukes by Mehemet Ali in 1811.

MENALIP, 2406, misprinted in the original 'Amanonian M.'—queen of Amazons and sister of Hippolyte. 'Amazonai'=brave, valiant, strong.

MONICHUS, 2436; one of the Centaurs who could uproot trees for javelins. Cf. *Juvenal*, I. 11.

NERO'S FEN=Campagna Romana, 151. The reference seems to connect him with the draining of the marsh. Artaxata was rebuilt by Tiridates, and given the name of Neroniana after Nero. Of course Greene's allusion is problematical.

NINUS, 323, son of Belus, husband of Semiramis, and the fabled builder of Nineveh.

PHLEGETHON, 1198, one of the four rivers of the infernal regions, the other three being Styx, Lethe, Acheron.

POLIPUS, 597, radiate animal with many feet.

POLITES, 1863, the classical incident told of Priamus, that while he was kneeling at the altar of Zeus Herceius, his son Polites, pursued by Pyrrhus, rushed into the temple and expired at his aged father's feet. Priamus was killed by Pyrrhus: Virgil, *Æneid*, ii. 512 *sq.*; Euripides, *Troad*, 17.

PRESTER JOHN, 637, Mandeville and Ariosto and commentators on *Much Ado About Nothing* (II. i.) supply abundant myths on this celebrity.

PROSERPINA, 1841. She was seized by Pluto and borne off to the infernal regions as his bride. Cf. *Winter's Tale*, IV. iv.

RAZIUS, 1694, Rhazes, author of a Greek medical treatise *περὶ Λοιμικῆς* on smallpox and measles.

RHAMUS and RAMUS, 682, Rhamnusia, a surname of Nemesis, who was worshipped at Rhamnus in Attica—so celebrated a cult that Nemesis was generally called Rhamnusia.

SISIPHUS, 426, the fraudulent and avaricious King of Corinth, whose well-known punishment is alluded to in the text.

SYRTIS, 465, a quicksand off the African coast.

TAENARUS, 1316, a son of Elatus and Erimede, after whom Taenarum in Laconia took its name.

TAMBERLAINE, 1754, Tamerlane, which again is a corruption of Timour Lengh=Timour the Lame (A.D. 1380-1405). Marlowe has immortalised him—to infamy.

TERMAGANT and TERMAGAUNT, 555, 685, usually coupled with Mahound (which see). This has a singular decadent history as a word, being

now as low as or lower than Jehu —signifying only a vulgar scold.

THERMODON, 2407, a river in Pontus, famed for its connection with the Amazons in legend.

TITYUS, 1343, Tityos, the fabled giant, whose body covered nine acres of land. Cast into Tartarus for his attempt at rape on Latona, a vulture fed on his perpetually renewed liver.

TONOMBEY, 2428, Tumbanbeg.

TREBIZOND, 214. A curious thing is that Thomas Gaisforde entitled his English romance *The Historie of Trebizond* (1616).

USAN-CASSANO'S, 2355, Usunbrason. These are historical names in Selim I.'s conquest of Egypt.

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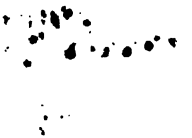

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